

THE CANADIAN FORUM

Twenty-Ninth Year of Issue

January, 1950

The Flour-Milling Investigation

► THE EXTRAORDINARY CONDUCT of the government in deliberately breaking the law by not publishing the report of the Combines Investigation Commission within the prescribed period shows that the atmosphere of the days when Orders in Council reigned supreme has not been replaced by the cleaner atmosphere expected in times of peace. The excuses and attempted explanations were paltry, except that offered by the Minister of Justice: that he was new to the job. He said also that he had not had time to read the Report within the fifteen days before it should have been published. But the Act does not require him to read it, nor does it imply that he accepts any direct responsibility for its contents. His indirect responsibility is only for the competence of the Commissioner, who has a long and honorable career of public service to his credit.

Mr. Howe was of the opinion, it appears, that much of what was done by the flour-milling companies was at the request of or with the consent of the War-time Prices and Trade Board, but the Report contains evidence enough that, in spite of the Board, price-fixing agreements were entered into which enhanced prices, and were clearly contrary to the Act.

"All I can say is that the arrangement we have in Halifax is that one designated party represents all the mills and places the tenders for flour required by the Department of

(Continued overleaf)

Plus Ça Change . . .

► IT WOULD BE DISHONEST to pretend that the results of the Australian and New Zealand elections made anything but unpleasant reading to Canadian CCFers. But it is still more dishonest to play them up, as Canadian and American newspapers have been doing, as the beginning of a great reaction among the English-speaking democracies awakened at last to the dangers of socialism and the welfare state. The fact is that the reaction was only the normal swing of the pendulum which is to be expected from time to time in all free democracies. And these two elections illustrate the rule that in free democracies the pendulum never swings very far either to left or to right. In both Australia and New Zealand Labor parties had won the last elections by very narrow majorities. The turnover of votes this time was very small; and while the new anti-Labor governments have comfortable majorities in the legislature, their popular pluralities are minute. In Australia, according to the

latest figures we have seen, the Liberal-Country-Party coalition got 47.63 per cent of the votes, and Labor got 46.76

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RUNNING INTERFERENCE

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Munitions and Supply. We have a minimum basic price and this party so juggles the price on each tender that the mill entitled to receive the business quotes the lowest price." This is from a letter from an official of one of the mills, showing the treatment of Mr. Howe's own department. The price-fixing arrangements were in force before the war, during the war up to the setting up of the Wartime Prices and Trade Board and during the period of price control. Meetings were held to discuss policy when the controls would be removed, and de-control was met by uniform price advances.

Nothing is so likely to destroy public confidence as the breaking of the law by the government and the conduct of some business men recounted in the report. The Millers' Association Executive Committee consisted of a senior officer of each member firm. The minutes of their meetings contained no reference to price agreements, but the secretary sent to each member a confidential statement of all decisions reached on prices, and no record of this was kept in the office of the association. Ninety-nine confidential memoranda were issued. The secretary of the Western Millers' Association informed the investigating officer that no minutes were kept of the proceedings of his committee; later, in evidence, he stated that he believed copies of the minutes from 1936-47 had been kept in his office until August or September, 1947, when they had been destroyed. The first public knowledge of the investigation dated from September 17, 1947. He and his secretary destroyed the documents, but he could not remember the exact days, although

he believed that the destruction had been carried out over a period of a week.

"Thanks for your confidential letter of July 5, which I destroyed as requested. We try to be careful at all times in correspondence with [the secretary] and we always write him on plain paper, confidential". This from the General Manager for Western Canada of one of the companies. "... [the Secretary] writes that tenders are out for the supply of flour and cereals for the Department of Indian Affairs. . . . He advises that the western members are disposed to consider making a special price for the tenders now under review. . . ." "I do not think that anything has been left undone to make this idea a success, and I only hope that we can adopt a similar arrangement in respect to the other classes of government business available in Western Canada, which would indeed be an ideal situation. . . ." The second of these quotations refers to Mr. Howe's department again. How fortunate that the operations of the Wartime Prices and Trade Board made these arrangements so innocent, and how deluded were the millers in thinking that they were deriving any benefit from the ideal situation they had created!

Twenty-five Years Ago

Vol. 5, No. 52, January, 1925, *The Canadian Forum*.

Mr. Woodsworth, in his article in our November number, suggested that the task of organizing progressive opinion in this country into a new political party was one to which *The Canadian Forum* might apply itself, and in the correspondence that has developed on the subject the suggestion has been reiterated from other quarters. *The Canadian Forum* had its origin in a desire to secure more free and informed discussion on public questions, and it has endeavored to make some small contribution to creative thought and honest criticism on matters affecting the future of Canada. Since the old parties in our young country appear to be spiritually bankrupt and intellectually atrophied we are ready to aid the proponents of a new one by publishing constructive articles and by assisting those interested to get in touch with each other through the medium of our correspondence columns; but while benevolently inclined toward the project we are not at present in a position to shoulder the task of organizing it ourselves.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

PROF. JOHN S. MORGAN of the School of Social Work, University of Toronto, contributed an article "Rent Controls: The Pathetic Fallacy" to our issue of December, 1948. . . . LLOYD HARRINGTON, of Hamilton, Ontario, has been a frequent contributor of articles on the labor movement. . . . EVE BARRON lives in Fresno, California.

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Germany and Europe

When the state of European economy became distressingly clear shortly after World War II it also became painfully evident to Marshall planners that plans to dismantle and de-industrialize Germany were incompatible with the projects of European reconstruction. And now that military planning under the Atlantic pact is proceeding apace a similar contradiction between plans for a permanently weak and neutral Germany and for a strong and stable western Europe is being revealed.

So far the western powers together with the Germans themselves have denied any desire or intention to rearm Germany. But the logic of power politics does not always respect statements of good intentions. And significantly enough perhaps it is Conrad Adenauer, right wing Chancellor of the new West German Republic, who has proposed a solution. Western Germany will remain unarmed but will contribute manpower in the form of German units to a western European army—an army to be headed by a European General Staff and backed by American aid.

Is an international army in western Europe within the realm of possibility? Plans for military integration are already well under way and it is unfortunately that field of common endeavor which benefits most from a rich background of experience. Furthermore, it is a game in which all can join—socialists, capitalists and even fascists—for all are committed at the present time to defending their view of the world from the common threat of Russia.

A Western European Army is then not an impossible dream. Insofar as it removes military problems and influences from domestic politics and providing that German nationalistic and reactionary attitudes are barred from influence or attempted manipulation, it seems at present, apart from an overall East-West settlement, the only avenue of approach to an increasingly pressing problem.

The possibility of undue German influence in such an organization must not be underestimated. For just as the West German republic is of economic importance so also is she strategically. Full sovereignty seems only a matter of time now and with it equality of status in western councils. What attitudes a nationalistic German leadership will have which refuses to accept the division of Germany on the Oder-Neisse line, which regards World War II as a lesson in the art of war and not in moral principles, can be quite easily imagined.

To say that a healthy and democratic Germany is the only sure guarantee is perhaps a truism. To say that this does not seem at present very likely to come about is to admit that the recent war for democracy has not been won. And that is the tragic fact. The German Social Democratic party with its emphasis upon parliamentary government and socialistic reform is the logical one to lead Germany back into the European family. But the German populace today is more concerned with national humiliation and division than with economics and social justice. And Bevin's policy of dismantlement has done much to discredit Britain's part in Germany. These factors together with a federal constitution which renders national economic planning extremely difficult, a complete flop of a re-education program which has increased contempt for democracy, an occupation policy

which has supported the right wing and barred trade unions from political affiliation and a lack of dynamic leadership will result in a further decline in Social Democratic influence.

A European army may then with proper control of the Ruhr and with wisdom on the part of western statesmen (and this includes the American war and state departments) do much to solve the problem of Germany. On the other hand it can provide the means whereby chauvinistic and reactionary German power may once again attempt the domination of European politics.

Food and Prosperity

The outcome of the dominion-provincial agricultural conference at Ottawa is another indication that the men running things at Ottawa have the vision of ledger-keepers and the souls of pawnbrokers. Not before in history, perhaps, had the Canadian government so rich an opportunity for seizing international leadership in the struggle for "One World", but through either selfish design or sheer incapacity her leaders fumbled the ball and lost the play.

Mr. Gardiner's tired and resigned admission that Canada's day of surplus production was over was in effect a serving of notice that Canada is henceforth content to play a role of smug isolation, and follow a policy which will jeopardize not only world stability and peace but the prosperity of our own Canadian people. To speak of a "return to normal agricultural practices", as Mr. Gardiner did, means not only that millions of Europeans will go without the food Canada might have produced for them, but that millions of Canadians will slowly begin to feel the pinch that comes from an "economy of scarcity."

Quite apart from any interests we may have, or should have, in the improvement of the European economy, it should by now be obvious to everyone that it is not possible to plan production cut to fit the needs of a limited demand. We can produce either for a surplus, or we shall be producing on a basis of inadequacy and need. What Herbert Hannam has called the "economy of maximum and expanding production" is not the moral hope of a visionary philanthropist but the most calculatedly realistic conception of a new world order that we have yet heard.

The position of the Ottawa government with respect to the British food contracts is a retreat from that conception, a retreat from the bold, aggressive vision of an economic one world that captured the imagination of all of us when it was first enunciated in the closing hours of the last great war. If this retreat has been dictated because of uncertainty of the technical means by which victory could be achieved, then it is difficult to reject the conclusion that instead of real economists we have nothing at Ottawa but bookkeepers and pedlars.

Focus on the Film Board

Publicity is the lifeblood of the film-business, and from its inception fifty years ago, the "flack," or publicity man, has held a key position. The publicity stunt, virtuous or scandalous, was perfected by Hollywood to keep the name of an actor, company or film before the public eye. The National Film Board, pioneering as usual, has done it without the help of a "flack," and it was no stunt. Whether or

not the unsought publicity will do the Film Board any good, remains to be seen.

Through all the fog of parliamentary debate, headlines and editorials, three main criticisms of the Board are apparent: (1) The private film industry dislikes the competition it sees in the Board's activities; (2) Government departments charge the Board with extravagance and inefficiency, not to mention being riddled with you-know-whom; and (3) the obscurantists think that documentary film making is as unnecessary as providing workers with bathtubs in their homes. (The *Toronto Telegram* sneers that the Board is trying to photograph "all Creation").

Until the debate in parliament, which was provoked by an article in the *Financial Post*, most of the criticism of the Board's activities came from the private film industry. The fact of the matter is, of course, that at no time did private industry sponsor the kind of films that the Board has been producing for the last ten years, and if the Film Board went out of existence, films of that kind would simply not see the light of day. The fact of the matter is that the Film Board and the private film industry are working in entirely different fields. There is room for both. Only bad films are superfluous. There cannot be too many good factual films.

Then there is what Alistair Stewart in the House of Commons debate called "lavatory gossip" that government departments complained of high film budgets and extravagance, as compared with private film companies for the same jobs. The existence of such complaints was denied by Reconstruction Minister R. H. Winters, under whose jurisdiction the Film Board falls. However, even if true, such complaints would be no more reasonable than the complaint that a canvas by one artist costs more than one by another. There is simply no basis for comparison between the work of one film producer and another, except as to which produces the best film. There is infinitely more to making a film than setting up the camera, pressing the button, and keeping an eye on the footage counter. As David Croll put it, these people are artists, though there is some doubt as to whether his remark that they do not press their pants nor comb their hair as often as the rest of us, has any truth in it. But film people throughout the world agree that the product of the Film Board is unmatched anywhere. A private film company's budget that is smaller than that of the Board for a particular film and that must still make a profit for the company, doesn't leave very much for film making.

There is, of course, the undeniable fact, that the Department of National Defence does not see fit to trust the Board with secret projects. Whether or not there is any serious basis for this caution, must be left to the RCMP to discover. Certainly the replacement of Commissioner McLean by Mr. Arthur Irwin for twice the salary, is not for purposes of economy. As for the obscurantists who think films are a lot of folderol, if not actually immoral, who can argue with a troglodyte?

On Killing the Goose

Since late afternoon of December 13, when we started to count, till late afternoon on December 16, when this was written, we have heard *Adeste Fideles* seven times. A White Christmas five times, *Silent Night* six times. In that same period we have heard twenty-four different pieces of Christmas music a total of fifty-one times. By Christmas night we expect to be gagging, as usual, at the first note of any carol, glee, catch or round which has the remotest association with Christmas.

Adeste Fideles, to take one of the best as example, when sung (to repeat that process) by John McCormack, and heard once or at most twice during the appropriate season, can be a great emotional experience. The same song, ham-

mered, plugged, groaned and ground out by every fourth-rate singer, by every possible combination of instruments and voices, however inappropriate, and heard upwards of two hundred times in the four weeks preceding Christmas becomes something less than endearing.

Each year, when it is too late, the radio stations admit a little shame-facedly that "Well, perhaps we did overdo it a little." By the next year, however, either because they have forgotten or, more probably, because they are unwilling to be caught without Christmas music at a time when all the other stations are playing it (surprising how similar program directors are to sheep) they embark blithely on the same senseless and competitive round.

Border Courtesies

Members of the International Relations Club of the University of Toronto recently exercised their rights and responsibilities as world-citizens and journeyed to Lake Success to observe proceedings of the United Nations. Immigration authorities of the United States, however, considered themselves authorized as representatives of the landlord to review the group that their tenant proposed to receive as guests and subsequently debarred Mr. Omar Walmsley, theological student at the University, from crossing the border. Since Mr. Walmsley is a law-abiding Canadian citizen and Canada is a member in good standing of the United Nations, this occurrence seems an unimaginative intrusion of sovereign rights—to say nothing of simpler courtesies that we have learned to expect.

The United States has every right to ban anyone it sees fit from entering the United States itself; however, only the bureaucratic mind will prove itself unable to resolve the complication that arises from the United Nations being surrounded by the United States. Customs regulations manage to contend with the movement of merchandise through United States ports that is not destined for consumption in that country. Therefore, we foresee the application of a similar formula to Mr. Walmsley's best blue suit—curious chalk-marks that certify his passage "in bond" from the border southward and return.

Failing this, there is still land available for United Nations' tenancy elsewhere in the world.

S.S. Noronic

Investigation by the Hon. Mr. Justice Kellock into destruction of the S.S. "Noronic" by fire on September 17, 1949, has resulted in suspension of Capt. William Taylor's certificate for one year, payment by Canada Steamship Lines of costs of the investigation, and expectation of appropriate revision of the Canada Shipping Act. Somehow it seems a damp squib fizzling out.

This disaster originated in the complete complacency which had descended upon both the ship's officers and the management. No one in a responsible position in connection with the ship had applied himself seriously to the problem of meeting such a situation as eventually did arise. This state of amiable incompetence was not disturbed by laxity of the Canadian steamship inspection service in requiring compliance with existing regulations.

Such a situation of being-good-fellows-together is common enough in an economy geared to glorification of big-business and the doctrine of free-enterprise for the few. However, this time things went beyond mulcting us for our money and wasted lives instead. If present statutory provisions concerning criminal negligence are not broad enough to encourage corporate directors to acquire a sense of their personal responsibility to the public, this deficiency can be corrected.

Thumbprint

We admire the efforts of parliament to deal with a minor social evil, namely the corruption of the tastes of children who *ipso facto* are less able to discriminate than the adult population, but we hope that no one will imagine that the suppression of crime comics is in any sense commensurate with the suppression of crime. If the suppression is in fact carried through the danger of a black market among children may easily be even more deleterious than the crime comics we started with. The government's effort is commendable in itself but the tendency on the part of some elements in the public to regard it as a great victory for the forces of virtue is altogether unrealistic. These elements always misunderstand the origins of crime.

Plus Ça Change

(Continued from front page)

per cent. New Zealand Labor had been in office for fourteen years and Australian Labor for eight years. It cannot be said that by 1949 their leadership was very dynamic or imaginative in either country. This is what normally happens to governments in all free democracies after a period of office.

Moreover, if you go behind the verbal vituperation which is customary in general elections, it is impossible to discover any wide difference between the socialist and the anti-socialist parties in the South Pacific. This also is a characteristic feature of party politics in all countries that are both free and democratic. In the two South Pacific Dominions socialism has always been a "socialism without doctrines," as Andre Siegfried put it more than forty years ago. It has proceeded without much regard to either Marxian or Fabian teachings. Away back in the 1890's, long before such policies were prevalent in Europe, the Anzacs began to experiment with social insurance and with various types of state intervention aimed at the achievement of a more egalitarian society. See Leslie Lipson's recent book on *The Politics of Equality in New Zealand*. They have moved steadily in the same direction ever since, regardless of the fluctuations in party fortunes. Their "socialism" has been marked by a general indifference to projects of nationalization; it has concentrated upon social services and upon regulation of prices and wages. If you inquire what the new anti-socialist governments are now going to do in 1950, you discover that, apart from some spectacular and meaningless outlawing of communism, they are going to continue all the welfare measures that make North American business-men foam at the mouth.

A somewhat similar picture can be seen in Great Britain. The modern social-service state began in Britain in 1908 with Old Age Pensions and in 1912 with Health and Unemployment Insurance. British Tories fought bitterly against socialistic trends before 1914, and then in two decades of office from 1918 to 1939 carried these trends much further than Lloyd George had ever dreamed of. This does not mean that British Tories have been dishonest, but simply that they are accustomed to move with the times rather more readily than North American Tories. If they come into office in 1950 they will not undo any of the nationalization measures carried out by Labor since 1945, nor any of the social-insurance measures—these latter measures had in fact been mostly sketched out by the wartime coalition government of Mr. Churchill.

An English historian, writing of British political parties in the Victorian age, remarked that Whigs and Tories were

like two stage coaches that splashed one another with mud as they raced along the king's highway, but that both were racing in the same direction and towards the same destination. The twentieth-century parties with their elaborate machinery hardly remind us of stage coaches any longer. But they do still splash one another with a good deal of mud, and they are still both moving in the same direction—towards the welfare state. In fact, throughout the English speaking world the only significant groups who are not moving toward the welfare state are the American Republicans, the Canadian Tories, and the newspaper publishers in general. And even these Bourbons will eventually learn the hard way, through the election returns.

Pensions: Problem of Statesmanship

John Morgan

► OLD-AGE PENSIONS are in the news again. Canada is one of the very few industrial nations which does not have a national contributory pensions scheme. Every political party at the 1949 election took a firm stand in favor of a contributory plan for old-age pensions. The issue now is, how and when will the Government implement its pledges? But there are several other cross issues arising of great importance, of which the most significant, perhaps, is the drive for "industrial pensions" that is having some success in the United States. It will take a substantial measure of statesmanship in government, in industry, and especially among the labor union leaders to work out a good pension plan for Canada without committing serious errors of omission or commission.

The Prime Minister announced in the House just before the Christmas recess that a dominion-provincial conference is planned for the fall of 1950. The perennial issue of taxation and fiscal responsibility will inevitably color the whole conference. The greatest common measure of agreement is likely to be on old-age pensions—or, as they might more accurately be called, Retirement Allowances.

For the federal government, the question is whether it can produce a scheme which secures the social objective—a minimum of economic security for the retiring industrial worker—without allowing its judgment to be warped by the fiscal, administrative, and political cross-currents that make this matter neither easy nor simple. The political snares are obvious and are contained in the pregnant observation that "all older workers have votes." The number of older workers now, proportionately to the whole population, has increased, is increasing, and will continue to increase. The administrative problems are less obvious, but the creation of an administrative machine to achieve the social objectives with a maximum of economy and efficiency is not a simple task. It will be made more difficult if the business world and the Conservative party are going to snipe at the Government for every increase in staff, while accepting, or even demanding, the development of this great new area of public provision. The fiscal headaches of a nation-wide scheme of retirement allowances are very real. There is insufficient fundamental study of Canada's fiscal problems to provide the politicians with sound materials for judgment on the basic question of how to raise, manage, and administer the large sums required for an adequate plan without markedly affecting the balance of the federal budget. The Minister of National Health and Welfare, speaking on his

departmental estimates in the House on December 9, 1949, indicated that a pension of \$50.00 a month without means test for every man and woman now over sixty-five years of age would cost \$614 millions—that is, an amount nearly equal to the whole federal, provincial and municipal expenditures on welfare at the present time.

The industrial and business leaders in the community are faced with a test of statesmanship of a somewhat different kind. They have three possible choices. They can oppose, covertly or overtly, all extensions of social security. If they do this they will force upon the Canadian people the false choice so aptly summarized by Mr. St. Laurent when he said to the Canadian Chamber of Commerce on October 26, 1949: "Now there are some business men—and also a few politicians—who talk as though free enterprise and social security were in some way opposed to one another. I hope this is not true, and what is more, I do not believe it is true. Because if it is, I am confident that, when the people generally have to choose which they prefer, the majority will choose social security rather than free enterprise. But there is no need to make such a choice because real social security strengthens instead of weakens free enterprise."

A second alternative for industrial management is to negotiate, each industry individually as occasion arises, with the respective unions to set up pension funds on an industrial basis. That process will expose industry to an uneven burden, since only some industries will be faced with proposals, and every proposal will be different. Moreover, the question of retirement allowances will be taken out of the area of social policy, and will become another card in the process of wage-bargaining. The end result may well be, for some parts of industry, that they will have a double burden of cost, once to meet the industrial pension plans of their own industry, and secondly in general taxation to meet the needs of the hundreds of thousands of Canadian workers who can only be covered by a government plan. The alternative of integrating a series of industrial plans into the government plans, as proposed in the formula used to meet the demands of the steelworkers in the United States, offers a fearsome prospect of complexity in administration which a smaller nation like Canada cannot contemplate with equanimity.

The third alternative is that industry and business leaders will lend their support, their knowledge, and their skills to assist the government of Canada to produce quickly an equitable, feasible, and economical scheme of retirement allowances. This approach will require of industry a careful examination of its employment policies to ensure that progressively it stops whatever of its present employment practices lead to retirement of workers before their productive capacities are exhausted. It will also mean some solid research and careful study. Industrial management—a generic term which, of course, covers a vast complex of individual industries and operations—is challenged on this issue of pensions to join in a search for the right answers for Canadians; in a word, to be enterprising in protection of free enterprise.

But the labor unions face a more immediate and a more difficult feat of statesmanship. Many of their brethren in the United States have won funds in the collective bargaining process. There are estimated to be from 9,000 to 10,000 separate plans covering about 5,000,000 employees in the United States. It is inevitable that there should be a strong temptation among Canadian labor leaders to emulate the success of their professional colleagues. The short-run advantages of the "bird in hand" are fairly obvious. Union

leaders are bound to seek new benefits to justify them to their members, and it may not be easy to get wage increases at this time. Moreover, as Canada has been so slow to establish a national contributory plan for retirement there may be real advantage in putting pressure upon employers for industrial pensions insofar as it exposes the need and increases the pressure upon the federal government to show more initiative.

The disadvantages of the industrial approach, however, need to be carefully weighed by labor leaders before they get so deeply committed that they cannot change direction without serious loss of face. The first major weakness of industrial pensions is that they can never give adequate coverage. Only the large-scale industrial operation can easily arrange to absorb the cost into its overheads, and only the larger industrial unions are sufficiently strong to enforce pensions into the contract. Not only will this leave large numbers of workers, and, at that, the workers who probably need coverage most, without protection, but it also means that workers will only be partly covered because movement from covered industries to uncovered industries will reduce or destroy acquired pension rights. In addition to very incomplete coverage, the creation of industrial pensions, industry by industry, tends to give very uneven protection even to those who are covered, since in the bargaining process some unions will be more successful than others. It is clear now that some form of national contributory scheme is on the way: the creation of a complex chaos of individual plans at this stage may well delay a national scheme, because of the problems of integrating a variety of widely differing separate plans into the national scheme. Should this happen, the Canadian unions will lay themselves open to the accusation that in seeking immediate advantages for their own members they have hindered the cause of the whole body of Canadian workers.

The second major area of weakness in industrial pensions is that they tend to produce unequal benefits, and to fail in the principal objective of giving real security. The benefits of any individual plan must be strictly controlled by the actuarial soundness of the particular plan; therefore, adequate benefit rights can hardly be accumulated by workers for quite some years. Meanwhile the fund will be subject to all the fluctuations of trade and monetary values. In the gloomiest analysis, the firm or industry which sets up the fund may not be able to meet its commitments twenty years from now when the accumulated benefit rights will be most needed. A scheme backed by the credit of the whole nation gives real security: a scheme dependent on all these imponderable factors can only give a limited measure of security to a limited number of workers.

Another related problem also needs careful attention from the leaders of labor unions and that is the need to review their present contracts to see whether, inadvertently, unions are not increasing the severity and the extent of retirement needs in their efforts to protect workers now on the job. The Canadian labor force must, in the next twenty years, become proportionately older: this is written clearly in the population statistics. A union contract which makes employment of older workers from other plants or other industries more difficult may in fact cause early retirement of fit productive workers who should be earning and producing rather than dependent and non-productive. Research and constructive co-operation with employers is urgently needed now if the numbers of dependent retired workers is not to become a serious burden on the Canadian economy.

It is a tragedy that these past four years of high employment and improving wage-conditions have not been accom-

panied by the accumulation of pension rights in a national retirement plan covering the widest possible range of Canadian workers. Wherever the fault lies, whether in the fiscal wrangles of the 1945 Dominion-Provincial Conference, or in the poor leadership of the federal government, or in lack of firm pressures in industry and labor, the time has now come to ensure that the 1950 conference does not fail to produce adequate retirement benefits for every Canadian. The production of that plan will take real statesmanship. Any action, by politicians, by industrial management, or by labor leaders, which contributes solid information and consistent support to action in 1950 by the federal government will reap its fruit a hundredfold in the years that lie ahead.

Letter from London

Stella Harrison

► **HAVING NO CHILDREN** of my own, I occasionally borrow one from my friends to keep me in countenance for a visit to a museum, a trip on a river-boat, or for Christmas shopping. That was how I came to be standing with Robert, aged six, gazing at the many times larger than life wooden soldiers that stood guard above the window displays of a large department store. I gazed frankly admiring; Robert, frankly critical. "Could they *fight* in those clothes, Auntie?" he wanted to know. "I mean, if someone came over and bombed the shop, would they be any good?"

Christmas used to be vaguely associated with Peace and Goodwill. In fact, a quarter of a century ago socialists disapproved of giving little boys their favorite toys for Christmas—lead soldiers. Playing with soldiers, it was thought, encouraged a wrong attitude to fighting and prepared children to become ready cannonfodder. Today, however, no self-respecting boy would ask Father Christmas for lead soldiers. Tanks, submarines, bombers are the preferred playthings.

There was not much to be seen outside by mid-afternoon as the early December twilight closed down. The Minister of Fuel and Power refused to bolster booming sales of goods at the expense of the factories making them, by relaxing electricity restrictions during peak consumption hours. So in the back streets the factories working for export throbbed with the pulse of their power machines, while the shopfronts stayed dim and shadowy until after the shoppers had gone home.

Inside, it was another story. The crowds surged through the store, queued for elevators, queued at the counters, queued for fitting rooms in the clothing departments, queued for tea and pretty nearly queued to get out again. Never can I remember Christmas displays in such quantity and such variety. The cheap poor-quality seasonal goods of pre-war and the expensive poor-quality ones of immediate post-war years were alike absent. This year things are expensive, though not quite so expensive as last. Quality is almost universally high. Money is scarcer than in previous years. People are prepared to spend, I might almost say determined to spend to buy themselves the customary trappings of festivity but they want something good for their money.

It is not long since people were so glad to be able to buy anything at all for their children that they paid fantastic prices for the flimsiest rubbish. Many had war gratuities or savings put aside for their first Christmas at home as a family. They were eager to spend and there was not much to buy. This year savings are lower, living is dearer. When bread costs more, there is less to spend on toys for the

children. And while class stores could show—and sell—dolls at fifteen pounds apiece, the popular chainstores were filled with parents calculating how best to spend a few shillings. In these circumstances the only way to capture the available trade was by competing in attractiveness and originality, since labor and distribution costs nowadays tend to limit price competition.

Devaluation as such has not had time to make itself felt in increased prices of most seasonal goods. The imported raw materials for these are bought in the summer. But along with the regular sales talk and the intensifying commercialization of Christmas, some sellers have hit on a new line for wheedling purchasers into extravagance. It is that prices are bound to go up, so it's now or never for some particular bargain; or alternatively that no more of these wonderful knick-knacks are going to be imported, because they come from hard currency areas, and the now-or-never refrain is repeated like the chorus of a carol.

Of course, this goes flat against what the government recommends in the matter of spending and saving. It might even give rise to the suggestion that the commercial class is unpatriotic. But then standards of patriotism, like children's preferences in toys, change from generation to generation—or perhaps from election to election. At the time when socialists disapproved of giving little boys lead soldiers, it was considered patriotic to love your country, to want to fight for it and to think it better than any other country in the world. At the time of Munich and Chamberlain it was considered patriotic to love your country, not to want to fight for it, but still to think it as good as any other country in the world. Today one is apt to be derided (by conservatives, who, of course, have a monopoly of patriotism here as in Canada) for expressing love of England and the conviction that right now it is the best country in the world.

Nevertheless, because I believe in catching 'em young, I did express this view to Robert during our shopping expedition. I explained to him just why he was lucky to be an English boy preparing to celebrate Christmas. I told him about countries where there were no parties on God's birthday, of others where God's black children couldn't go to parties with His white children. The better to cement his adherence to my opinion, I backed it with the offer to buy him anything he wanted for the Christmas tree. As I have already hinted, Robert is very much a child of this modern age. He chose an electric lighting set, with little colored lamps, a battery, and about half a mile of wire. And I reflected on progress.

Back in that primitive anti-lead-soldier era we still decked our Christmas tree with candles for the Feast of Light. The risk of fire prevents us from doing anything so foolhardy in this atomic age. There are no comparative statistics of casualties from atomic bombs and Christmas tree fires.

London, England, December, 1949.

The Muted Season

The muted season
Walks the wine-stained corridor of time
On deep-piled tapestry of trees.

Ushered in
We float beneath the glass-domed surface
Of the afternoon
Shatterproof
Even to the purple pulsing of our hearts,
Then we are lulled
Into the deep anaesthesia
Of winter.

Hilda Kirkwood

North American Union: A Discussion

Eugene Forsey Asks

Andrew Hebb Replies

► MR. HEBB'S ARTICLE, "North American Union?" in the October issue of *The Canadian Forum* raises a number of points (in which I think he might give us further light.

1. "U.S. Congress votes another \$850,000,000 in aid to Britain, but the Canadian government professes itself unable to give any further help." Isn't it true that Canada's aid to Britain has been far larger, in proportion to both population and national income, than the United States'?

2. "No economic disaster is going to strike Canada unless the United States stops helping Europe and runs into a depression." I suppose something depends on the meaning one attaches to "disaster;" but surely the effects of collapse of the British market, as indicated by Mr. Hebb himself, would come pretty close to anyone's definition of "economic disaster."

3. "The union of Canada and Newfoundland could have been made the occasion for a long-time solution of the economic problems of the Maritime provinces. Instead it was a hasty and ill-considered union." What warrant there is for the second sentence I cannot imagine. Actually, the terms of union between Canada and Newfoundland got much more extended consideration than the original terms of Confederation. The first draft was the result of four months' work in the summer of 1947. It was debated by the Newfoundland Convention for several months. It was substantially amended in three months' work in the summer of 1948. It was voted on by the electors of Newfoundland in two referenda.

I should be particularly interested, however, to find out what Mr. Hebb means by his first sentence. I was born in Newfoundland, where my father's family settled nearly two hundred years ago. Some of my mother's ancestors settled in Nova Scotia at the same time. My wife comes from New Brunswick. So if Mr. Hebb has found the philosopher's stone, "a long-time solution of the economic problems of the Maritime provinces," he will find no more eager and enthusiastic supporter than I. If he will tell us what it is, I shall not even bother him to explain how union with Newfoundland could have been the occasion for bringing it into effect.

4. "Perhaps parliamentary government puts too much power in the hands of one man for such an enlarged country." How? The pseudo-parliamentary government of which we have just had such a shocking example in the suppression of the McGregor report, perhaps. But real parliamentary government?

5. "It might be that a United States and Provinces of America could have a federal government with less power than a Canadian federal government seems to heed." As the American Congress has far more power than our Parliament, this certainly needs explaining. It didn't start out that way, to be sure; but the courts in both countries have turned their constitutions upside down, so that the United States is far more centralized, and Canada far less, than the Fathers of their respective constitutions intended.

6. "But is it a step forward, or backward, that the Canadian prime minister should have the power to appoint, without reference to parliament, the members of the court which will determine what are dominion and provincial fields of government?" He won't. The Prime Minister recommends the appointments to the Cabinet; the Governor General makes the appointments on the advice of the Cabinet, not the Prime Minister. The Orders-in-Council governing the procedure ever since 1896 make this unmistak-

► I WILL WRITE to answer some of Mr. Forsey's questions:

1. This question does not seem relevant to what I wrote. It is difficult to measure the real help given to Britain without looking at the help given to other countries with which Britain trades directly or indirectly. A more important question is: Has Canada given as much post-war aid to other countries (including Britain), in proportion to population and national income and ability, as has the United States? Perhaps we should note the United States government deficits in contrast with the Canadian surpluses.

2. I wrote about Britain reducing her North American purchases, not about a collapse of the British market. There may be such a collapse, but at the time of writing my article in early September I did not foresee any such collapse as long as the United States continues to provide substantial ECA funds to Britain.

3. The Newfoundland people reached their decision by a majority of 6,000 votes in a bitter division of country against town, not as a result of a careful study of Newfoundland's problems and possibilities. Had the national convention not stimulated support for confederation by refusing to put that alternative on the ballot, it is quite possible that responsible government would have won in the first referendum, when it had a plurality of 6,000 votes. The convention voted down, on patriotic grounds, a proposal to send a fact-finding delegation to Washington as it did to London and Ottawa. Nor did the delegation which went to Ottawa study the economic conditions of the Maritime provinces.

I do not regard any economic problem as insoluble. It seems to me that there are two approaches to the Maritime problem (which Newfoundland has now chosen to share). The one is a national policy which attempts, by such measures as amalgamation (which unfortunately all our political parties oppose) of the railways under public ownership, and by transportation, education, and other subsidies, to minimize the commercial handicap of being away from the centre of a tariff-bounded long, narrow, and geographically unnatural country. The dominion might help to build Maritime highways to bring more tourists into those provinces.

The other approach is to remove the tariff barriers between Canada and the United States and let the Maritime provinces trade with their nearby United States neighbors.

4. We have to take parliamentary government as we have it, not as it is in Britain. The division of responsibilities between provinces and dominion, with the dominion parliament in sessions only about half the year (contrasted with the British parliament's nearly full year), or the fact that this country's population is scattered so far from the capital, may mean that the Canadian people exercise much less control over the executive government than do the people of Britain over their executive government. What happens in the Canadian provinces even more obviously is not the same sort of parliamentary government as Britain's. The people cannot control effectively a government through a legislature which is in session only two months of the year.

5. Mr. Forsey is obviously wrong when he says that "the American congress has far more power than our parliament." The power of the U.S. Congress is almost entirely legislative, whereas the parliament of Canada wields both legislative and executive power (or, if you like, controls the executive). But assuming that Mr. Forsey meant the gov-

Eugene Forsey Asks (continued)

ably clear. As for the "deference to parliament," Mr. Hebb surely owes us some explanation. It is totally opposed to the whole conception of parliamentary responsible government, which places all matters of administration firmly in the hands of the executive Government, not the legislature. The Government is of course responsible to the legislature, but that is a very different thing. Can Mr. Hebb cite a single example in any British country where Parliament has anything to say in the appointment of judges? If not, will he tell us why he thinks we should depart from methods tested and proved by the long and unvarying experience of the British peoples? Will he also explain whether he would require appointments to have the approval of both Houses or only one, and, if the former, how he would resolve deadlocks?

7. "Of course a requirement that parliament should approve appointments would not be the equivalent of the requirement that the U.S. congress approve appointments to the U.S. Supreme Court." No, because there is no requirement that Congress approve such appointments. It is only the Senate; the House has nothing to say about it. But, assuming that Mr. Hebb meant Senate when he said Congress, why wouldn't the one procedure be the equivalent of the other?

8. "Is not the Supreme Court likely to err in the future in favor of the Dominion?" Why?

9. "Is this the way to amend the British North America Act?" Court decisions are not, of course, formal amendments of the British North America Act, though in fact the Privy Council's decisions have amounted not merely to amendment but to judicial repeal of a large part of it. But we have become accustomed to making changes mainly by judicial decision, and the answer of most Canadians to Mr. Hebb's question would probably be yes. So might the answer of a good many lawyers and political scientists. Formal amendments are hard to get. They will almost certainly continue to be hard to get. Perhaps the almost imperceptible process of judicial decision may turn out to be the easiest, quickest and most acceptable method of adapting our constitution to changing conditions, as it has, to a large degree, in the United States. Mr. Hebb evidently thinks not. Could he enlighten us further?

Andrew Hebb Replies (continued)

ernment of the United States, or congress and the president, when he said "congress," his statement still would be debatable. In the United States the power of the federal government is not total legislative and executive power minus the power of the states. In the first place, there are some things which neither the state government nor the federal government may do. In the second place, the legislative and executive power entrusted to the federal government is divided, and effectively lessened, by the so-called system of "checks and balances." Not only is there a chamber elected by popular vote, but there is an elected chamber in which the people of Nevada have the same number of representatives as the people of New York, and there is also an elected president with a separate mandate from the people. These three authorities are often in conflict with each other. By contrast the Canadian cabinet is necessarily in harmony with the majority in the house of commons and usually dominates the appointed senate (which for a number of reasons including the age of its members is weak).

6. I did not advocate such a "reference to parliament" in my article. I pointed out the weakness of such a reference as a check on appointments by the executive. But I would have no hesitation in advocating it if I saw a way to make it an effective check. There is no reason why we should not advocate something "opposed to the whole conception of parliamentary responsible government." It is almost inevitable that one does so in suggesting a study of the United States and Canadian constitutions and the possibility of writing a new constitution based on the best in both.

Does Mr. Forsey really advocate only those political changes for which one can cite an example from a "British country"? Does he never advocate departure from "methods tested and proved by the long and unvarying experience of the British peoples"? Would he advocate the naming of a Canadian lord chancellor and other law lords who could sit both as members of the senate and as the supreme court?

Mr. Forsey asks how, if I should flout British tradition to the extent of advocating approval of supreme court appointments by both senate and commons, I would resolve deadlocks. I can't see the problem. If either house vetoed an appointment, the administration would have to make another nomination.

7. Probably I should have said "senate," but is my use of "congress" instead of "senate" essentially different from Mr. Forsey's use of "legislature" instead of "commons" in his paragraph 6 statement that "the government is of course responsible to the legislature"? Or different from his asking whether I mean "both houses or only one" when I speak of approval by "parliament"?

Why would not approval by parliament be the equivalent of approval by the United States senate? Because the U.S. senate, as already stated, has a separate mandate from the people with an equal voice for small and populous states, but the Canadian cabinet (which Mr. Forsey says makes appointments to the supreme court) usually dominates both commons and senate.

8. Because the federal government will appoint members of the supreme court and perhaps because there will always be a number of hopeful candidates for the position of chief justice. Or for the same reasons (whatever they may be) that the United States supreme court has erred in the past in favor of the central government, or, as Mr. Forsey says, has turned the U.S. constitution "upside down."

9. I thought that in his paragraph 5 Mr. Forsey was exploring the way in which the United States supreme court and the British privy council have amended the U.S. and Canadian constitutions respectively.

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The Drift of Unionism

Lloyd Harrington

► THIRTY YEARS AGO *The New Unionism in the Clothing Industry*¹ was the subject of a hopeful study of needle trades unions based on "the class consciousness of their membership." The needle trades were organized by men who sought not just the amelioration of working conditions but the "ultimate emancipation of the working class." From that day to this the story of the major unions in this field is one of shying away from outright socialist agitation. As the needle trades unions have consolidated their industrial positions they have tended to discourage political idealism and to substitute a vulgar pragmatism. The leaders of the major clothing unions have been little more than streamlined versions of the Samuel Gompers they once so vehemently execrated.

The new unionism of today is best exemplified in the CIO's United Automobile Workers' Union. UAW president Walter Reuther is the central figure in a frank treatment² of the auto worker, his problems, and his relation to our society and the labor movement in general which should interest more than the usual handful who read such books. Here is labor without illusions—the inside of what its authors claim to be the most important and most interesting union in America. Irving Howe and B. J. Widick feign no impartiality—"We take sides," they say—yet the reader feels as he proceeds that this is the authentic story of a union's development.

Will the UAW calcify into "just another union," a bureaucratic dues collection agency that throws the worker another chunk of "new social order" philosophy in times of crisis purely to keep up morale? Howe and Widick have admiration for Reuther, but not blind faith. "Since the triumph of the Reuther group in November, 1947," they claim, "the more conservative of his allies and followers have been dominant." They feel that if the UAW is to avoid stagnation the militants, "the radical wing of the Reuther group," must rise to the task. The new unionism required would seek to "orient itself toward an independent role in politics." Because of the relatively high degree of rank-and-file participation in broad union activities, and because of Reuther leadership, the UAW is best suited to pioneer a new political approach. *The UAW and Walter Reuther* is a call to such action.

Widick and Howe are aware of the dangers which office holds for even the most dynamic of leaders. They are outspokenly critical of UAW leaders. "Reuther . . ." they say, "has slipped into the character mold of the American managerial type: the personality of neutral efficiency." There is about him an "almost frightening emphasis on efficiency." Rightly or not, they see Reuther in mental turmoil and believe that the conflict can best be resolved by mobilization of support to push him in the Socialist direction to which they believe he still has natural inclinations.

In discussing technical aspects of collective bargaining, Widick and Howe touch upon points greatly in need of expansion. The impartial umpire system for the settlement of grievances is one of these. A section of the UAW (General Motors) has been operating under such a set-up and the

authors find that it "tends to regulate shop relations, and hence to cut down sharply the steward's initiative." This is so in other industries operating under impartial chairmen or umpires. However desirable stabilization of industrial conditions may be from the point of view of an established union, the reduction of shop stewards to what amount to union messenger boys at best and assistant foremen at worst is a high price to pay. The shop steward is the union's main contact with the man on the job. When he is sheared of authority the workers feel that they have been let down.

In several places Howe and Widick refer to inarticulate workers and indicate thereby that they appreciate something of the problem involved. They seem to assume, however, that the articulate speak for the inarticulate. In fact, this is rather generally assumed in our society. There is little room here to develop the point, but the present writer believes it to be a psychological fallacy. It is doubtful if the articulate are capable of appreciating the more subjective viewpoint of introverted, less articulate workmates. While the shop stewards and committee men are the backbone of the organization the gap may not be too wide, but when stewards are curtailed and the generally more extroverted union "porkchopper" carries the ball communications are more difficult. Under such conditions union leadership can drift away from the viewpoint of the mass of relatively inarticulate workers in the shops, while the workers themselves drift into cynicism.

These are problems for industrial psychology and enlightened unionism to ponder.

O CANADA

Guelph, Dec. 13—This troubled world would be a better place if people would mind their own business, Hon. Humphrey Mitchell, federal minister of labor, said . . . He held that if people would just obey the 10 commandments, tell the truth, and be decent, the world would be a good place in which to live. We were making life too complicated. "Psychiatry is just an excuse for sin," he said.

(Toronto Star)

These 'jamas, like the nightgown made in the same cuddly material with darling high, lace-trimmed neck and long sleeves, and pockets in the skirt's inside for your icy tootsies (hubbies will hurrah!) are all made by the Vancouver firm . . . I know you'd hardly bear to go to sleep if you had one of the strapless nighties that are gasp-makingly adorable.

(Penny Wise in The Vancouver Sun)

"I only make \$37.50 a week and I took the pipe to buy winter clothing for my two children." Oldfield said. "My bills have been piling up and with the cold weather coming on my two children had to have warm clothing." "I don't know why you can't live on that much money," Magistrate O. S. Hollinrake said. (Toronto Star)

Evidence of agreement as to size of containers and prices of package oats . . . is found in correspondence between the cereal mills and the Secretary in 1936 . . . In his letter . . . W. H. White (Quaker), Saskatoon, set out his understanding of the agreement: "As to the relationship of the prices of the new packages to the old, it has also been mutually agreed that no change whatever is to be made in price. That is, we will continue to sell the 48-ounce package at exactly the same price as we are now selling the 55."

(McGregor Report on the Flour-Milling Industry)

A program of "welfare enterprise" by businessmen to avert the threat of a "dictatorial welfare state" was urged tonight by C. L. Burton, president of the Robert Simpson Company.

(Montreal Gazette)

This month's prize of a six month's subscription goes to Miss M. M. Clark, Toronto, Ont. All contributions should contain original clipping, date and name of publication.

¹THE NEW UNIONISM IN THE CLOTHING INDUSTRY: J. M. Budish and George Soule; Harcourt, Brace and Howe; 1920; pp. 344.

²THE UAW AND WALTER REUTHER: Irving Howe and B. J. Widick; Random House; 1949; pp. 309.

The Later Stravinsky

Milton Wilson

► A SHARP DIVIDING LINE is often drawn between the early, primitive, sensational Stravinsky, whose works *The Fire-Bird*, *Petrushka*, and *The Rite of Spring* have triumphantly survived into the modern orchestral repertoire, and the later, neo-classical, bloodless, formalistic author of such relatively unpopular works as *The Symphony of Psalms* or the *Violin Concerto*. Such a clear-cut distinction is obviously false, and it may be of some interest to point out the changes and developments which separate the Stravinsky of today from his popular predecessor of before 1914. The continuity is far greater and the contrast far less than is apparent at first sight.

Certain permanent characteristics turn up at all stages in Stravinsky's development. He has always enjoyed using impersonal material, such as folk songs, jazz idioms, other people's tunes or old formulae. The source has often changed, but the principle remains constant. One of his favorite technical devices is the ostinato, a persistently repeated short melodic phrase, usually with a shifting metrical background. We find these "primitive" ostinatos not only in the early ballets, where they can hardly be missed, but in *Pulcinella* (1920), the *Symphony of Psalms* (1930), the *Violin Concerto* (1931), the *Symphony in Three Movements* (1945), and, indeed, consistently throughout his career. A similar habit is the repetition in a jerky, shifting rhythm of single, harsh, complex chords, often with long rests between them. *The Rite of Spring* illustrates this device most clearly, but the superb conclusion of *The Wedding*, the finale of *Pulcinella*, and passages in the *Symphonies for Wind Instruments* (1920) and *The Fairy's Kiss* (1928) show its strong survival into the later Stravinsky. Nor has the complexity of his harmony or rhythm diminished in the later works. The smaller orchestra has led some to see a reversion to greater simplicity and diatonic harmony. But Stravinsky has given up none of his harmonic freedom, although he has organized his gains more closely. Indeed, there is almost no later work that would not be easily recognizable as Stravinsky's to one who knew his early ballets.

At this point the reader may remark: Of course technique remains constant. But what about the attitude behind the technique? Doesn't the *Dumbarton Oaks Concerto* show an almost complete reversal of attitude from *Petrushka*? The difference, of course, is immense, but illustrates, I think, not a fundamental change of ideals, but their application to changed material. Both the historical sense and the objectivity which are the most obvious characteristics of the later Stravinsky appear in the early ballets, although in somewhat different dress.

Stravinsky's historical sense develops out of the mixture of nationalism and exoticism in 19th century Russian music. This mixture may seem unusual at first glance, but a strong consciousness of one's own nationality does not preclude a vital internationalism as well. The one often seems to stimulate the other, in music as well as politics. The search for foreign local color and the use of native folk songs go together, as Cecil Gray pointed out a number of years ago. Thus, Verdi's chief expression of Italian nationalism is the Egyptian opera *Aida*. The most popular symphony of Dvorak, the Bohemian nationalist, owes much of its fame to an apparent use of American folk materials. In the 19th century rise of Russian music we find not only Moussorgsky's nationalistic opera *Boris Goudonov*, but Rimsky-Korsakov's exotic operas and symphonic poems, such as *Coq d'Or* and

Scheherazade. The fact that both nationalism and exoticism in Russian music are related by an atmosphere of Eastern splendour and barbarity should not blind us to a real difference. In addition there is a strong infusion of Italian operatic melody, not only in Tchaikovsky, who did not profess to be a nationalist, but in the love music of *Boris Goudonov* or the reunion duet in the last act of *Prince Igor*. When we add to this the omnipresent influence of Liszt's Symphonic Poems, we see how international this Russian school could be. Stravinsky began to work in this mixed tradition, and his own combination of nationalism and cosmopolitanism was to be expected. But, as Constant Lambert has pointed out, space-travelling and time-travelling are two sides of the same impulse. It is no accident, for example, that the awareness of national differences and the interest in travelling and reading books of travel, as in the 18th century, is usually paralleled by a growth of the historical sense. In Stravinsky the use of folk-music and folk-legends (*The Fire-Bird* and *Petrushka*), primitive folk-rites (*The Rite of Spring*) and Oriental legends (the Japanese story of *The Nightingale*) shifts to the even broader interest in characteristic idioms of different eras.

The ease and timeliness of such a development can be illustrated by a comparison with *The Waste Land*, where the movement is also from folk-lore, primitive rites, and Eastern legends through an attempt at historical continuity. Stravinsky's immediate stimulus, however, was given in 1919 by Diaghilev, who handed to him some fragmentary Pergolesi manuscripts and suggested using them for a ballet. The result, called *Pulcinella*, is like a modern criticism of Pergolesi, using his own idiom. Stravinsky has continued to apply this technique to different periods and composers. In the slow movement of the *Capriccio for piano and orchestra*, for example, the ornate style of early 19th century andantes and adagios is used as material; the finale has the style of a brilliant Mendelssohn concerto. *The Fairy's Kiss* (1928) juxtaposes and combines material from Tchaikovsky's shorter pieces, and the *Dumbarton Oaks Concerto* (1938) uses the formulae of 18th century Concerto Grossi. Here the parallel with Eliot is so close that I may be pardoned a brief digression. In the early *Tradition and the Individual Talent* Eliot sees each really new work modifying or disturbing the ideal order which exists between the monuments of the past. Since the relation of a work to all other works is its meaning (complete isolation being complete meaninglessness), the contemporary writer changes the meaning of his predecessors' work by the mere fact of writing a new work and providing a new point of reference. But not only does Eliot see the new work changing the significance of the past, he tries to show within his own poetry how this modification takes place. The alteration of meaning which Baudelaire, Dante or Wagner receive by their juxtaposition within the work is a small-scale illustration of what the work as a whole is supposed to do to the tradition of which these authors are a part. Stravinsky, like Eliot, seems to be conscious of belonging to a tradition, parts of which he is modifying in his own works. In using the materials of Tchaikovsky or early Beethoven, he shows how the significance of their idiom has been changed by later developments up to and including himself. As a Stravinsky apologist has remarked, "Stravinsky's means is music, his subject, the music of others. Having been influenced by the composer, Stravinsky begins to influence the composer with his own composing. In this interplay between old music and the modern ear, a new music is born. 'The results of this technique are unequal, but there is no doubt in my mind that in *Dances Concertantes*, out of a scattering of 19th century ballet formulae, he has made music of great freshness, grace, and wit."

More obviously perhaps than his historical technique, Stravinsky's objective and impersonal approach to his art also has its roots in the early ballets. The ballet itself is a relatively impersonal art form, demanding collaboration and a subordination of the part to the whole. And Stravinsky's music is not only impersonal in its use of folk-song, but in its avoidance of appeals to personal emotion. The so-called sensationalism of the *Rite of Spring* is very remote and chilly, and its primitive dances are like natural processes (as Walt Disney has suggested), in a world far removed from personal or even human desires. Petrushka is a puppet to whom we are momentarily deceived into giving life, and even *The Fire-Bird* exists in an artificial world which human breath would shatter. In *The Wedding*, which, although not performed until 1923, is in many ways the culmination of the early ballets, the orchestra consists entirely of piano and percussion, and even the human voice acts as much like a percussion instrument as possible. In beating a drum or ringing a bell, obviously the performer has a limited opportunity of obtruding his personality and its alien expression. This desire to escape from the interpreter's personality as well as his own explains Stravinsky's interest in player pianos and his anxiety to record his works uncontaminated for posterity. It should be clear, therefore, that Stravinsky is not reacting from what is fundamental in his past or striking out on a new path when he remarks in the *Story of My Life* that "music is given us with the sole purpose of establishing an order in things, including, and particularly, the coordination between man and time . . . Construction once completed, this order has been attained and there is nothing more to be said." Whatever was extraneous or sensational in his early work is here repudiated, but the desire for objective order, and the representation of inexorable rhythmic processes beyond puny, individual man, these remain. Fundamentally the *Symphony of Psalms* and the *Symphony in Three Movements* are of a piece with the *Rite of Spring*. All have a hard universality, a concern with impersonal order and ceremonial, but are no less engaging or moving because of that. It is pleasant to consider that out of the rather ill-conceived and futile theorizing about impersonality, austerity and classicism which so many artists concerned themselves with during the twenties, some works were written which embody these very partial ideals impressively enough to convince us of their permanent value.

The Music Lesson

Eve Barron (SHORT STORY)

► AT EXACTLY HALF-PAST THREE Mr. Gehnrich took his music off the piano, put it in his briefcase, and left his studio. He was always prompt, and his next appointment was at four. That left him half an hour to walk leisurely crosstown. Nearly every day he managed somehow to find a little time for a walk, and he was glad that today, in particular, he had been able to arrange it. Wednesday was one of his busiest days, and after this lesson, his last for the day, he would have an early dinner somewhere in the neighborhood, and take the bus to the place where he worked every night.

Perini's demanded a great deal of Gehnrich. His three-piece orchestra started at the dinner hour and played until midnight, with only short intermissions. At ten he was allowed half an hour for refreshments. For fifteen years he had been asking himself why he did not give it up. He could make a good living from his music lessons alone. Why did he continue to wear himself out night after night? He knew the answer, even though he kept asking himself the

question. He liked people. He liked to amuse them. And he always played as though out there at one of the tables a beautiful woman waited for him. It was for her he played, always an imaginary woman, except during those intervals in his life when the imaginary woman became real.

It amused him to think of the various notes he received every year, and the women he had known through them.

"I've heard you play three times this month. I want to tell you in person how much I've enjoyed every moment I've spent here. I'm sitting directly across from you—in a green hat."

"You couldn't have played the Ballade just for me, since you don't even know me. But I've felt that you did. It's a favorite of mine. Please play it again tomorrow. I'll be here."

He was quick to become interested in an attractive new woman. For weeks he lived on her adulation. He lunched with her every day, and played for her every night. He always felt safer if he knew she had a husband. Then she had to be discreet, and had no right to annoy him when the time came for their friendship to come to an end. That time always came for him after a few months. His love had a way of flaring up and dying down. He became indifferent, and wanted to be free. He wanted once more to play for the imaginary woman.

As Gehnrich walked across the park he thought of these things, and of the lessons ahead. It was this hour with Belmore, more than any lesson he gave, that sapped him of his energy and deprived him of his good nature. It wasn't like him to continue with one who showed so little progress. Gehnrich was known for his cruel frankness. "I can't teach you," he had often said to others. "You'll never learn." There were occasions when he had even returned large sums of money to keep his conscience clear. Why couldn't he be frank with Belmore? There was something about him. Even Gehnrich did not know quite what it was. As he breathed deeply of the cool, fresh air he expanded his chest and brought his shoulders back even straighter than he always held them. For a rather heavy man past forty he walked with unusually quick, precise steps. But then Gehnrich was vital about everything. In his playing he gave everything of himself. In his love affairs he made all sorts of uncalled for sacrifices for the woman of the moment. He enjoyed scenery with an ecstasy that people not only failed to understand, but ridiculed. He was sometimes frightened of himself and of his strong, vital passions. He said what he thought, and did what he wanted. It was his credo.

Yet, in respect to Belmore, he was weak. He submitted calmly to a situation that was contrary to all his principles.

At three minutes to four he was admitted into the Park Avenue apartment by a trim-looking maid who asked that he wait in the foyer. It was a large room with paneled walls and ornate furniture. His feet sank into a red Oriental rug. The large foyer led into an enormous living room with more ornate furniture and a large grand piano. Although he had seen these rooms many times, he was shocked each time he examined the room, with its carved pieces of furniture, large paintings, and great vases with long-stemmed flowers. Everything was big and everything was expensive. Even the beautiful piano, which Mr. Gehnrich had never touched, was draped with an embroidered shawl on which stood a bowl of low-hanging flowers.

GEORGIAN BAY ISLAND—by YVONNE MCKAGUE HOUSSEY



He remembered his first day in that room well. He was waiting to meet his new pupil. In a hurried telephone conversation he had learned only that the prospective student had been recommended by a friend of his. He shuddered to think what he would be like, probably the spoiled child of doting parents, or the lady of the house who, after meeting an interesting musician, had decided to develop a latent talent in herself. He was afraid that a room like that and a poor student combined would make it impossible for him to keep his temper.

As he imagined himself shouting some disparaging remark to his new pupil in that room he heard small, staccato steps hurrying down from the upper floor. In a few moments a man stood before him, small and thin, wearing a dark gray suit that matched his hair. Gehnrich guessed his age at about sixty. He looked around nervously as the music teacher stood up, and spoke in a low voice.

"You're Mr. Gehnrich, I presume?"

Gehnrich bowed.

"My wife is on the way down. Please say nothing about why you're here. If she asks, it's business—some advice about stocks."

Before there could be any further explanation they both heard a door shout above. Looking toward the stairway, Gehnrich saw a woman of great proportions coming down the stairs. At least, at that moment her proportions seemed great. She was high above them, and she wore a fox fur that reached nearly to the bottom of her coat. Afterwards Gehnrich couldn't remember anything about her except the fur and the small black hat she wore with the short veil that reached to her lips. It blew back and forth when she talked. "Dear," Mr. Belmore introduced them, "this is Mr. Gehnrich. He has come to see me on business."

As she greeted him, she looked him over from head to foot, and walking to the door she muttered: "I hope you'll excuse me." Without looking at her husband she said: "I'll be back late. Don't wait for me for dinner." He held the door open for her, and kissed her on the cheek.

"I know you're confused," Mr. Belmore explained quickly. "You see, I'm the one who's to take lessons. I prefer that my wife know nothing about it."

"But my presence here—"

"I have friends and acquaintances. They often come here for advice."

"Advice?"

"Stocks. That was my business."

"I see," Mr. Gehnrich muttered, annoyed with the situation and looking forward with no pleasure to what lay ahead. "Shall we talk this over? If you have some music, it would give us something to go on."

Mr. Belmore took his arm, walked to the stairway and said:

"This way, please. I have my own little studio."

The room upstairs was about half the size of the foyer in which Gehnrich had been received. The sun shone into the windows through fine net curtains. There were no draperies. There were two comfortable chairs, one covered with a coarse blue material, the other in gold with a small pattern. The carpeting was unobtrusive. A divan stood against the wall, and in the far corner of the room was an old-fashioned upright piano. The room was restful.

"This is the room I like best in the house," Mr. Belmore explained. "I don't feel nervous—here. And this piano—you won't find it very good, but it was my sister's, and I couldn't part with it. By the way, I hope you didn't mind what happened downstairs. My wife thinks it's rather foolish for a man of my type to take lessons on the piano. I don't go to business any more. Doctor's orders. And I enjoy the

piano. I studied when I was a boy. Of course, I'm a little rusty now. This is my wife's club day. She's out usually long before this. She doesn't have to know."

"If you didn't want her to know, you could have come to my studio."

"I could have." He looked at Gehnrich uneasily. "I suppose it's the piano, and this room. I like it here. I'm afraid I'd be rather nervous in a strange room."

"You say you've retired. And your business was stocks."

"Yes. I made my fortune in Wall Street, and lost my health. I still go down now and then."

Gehnrich had to exercise considerable self-control to keep a serious face. This little man who was afraid of his wife, who wanted to take music lessons in secrecy, had made a fortune in Wall Street.

Belmore went to the piano and fumbled through some old sheets of music.

"Shall I?"

Gehnrich nodded, and Belmore sat down and began to play. He played haltingly, like a child, without talent or imagination, with stiff, undisciplined fingers. Gehnrich could hardly sit still. Under ordinary circumstances he would have lost his temper and left the house shouting that his time had been wasted. Yet he kept on sitting there and listening and actually wondering how he could avoid hurting Mr. Belmore's feelings.

"I know this isn't good," he suddenly heard Belmore say. "But I'm going to work hard. I feel there's nothing left for me now, with my work gone. This will help to pass the time away. Can we start at once, Mr. Gehnrich? I counted on it so much—to start today."

"Very well," Gehnrich said. "We start today."

Since that day, nearly a year ago, Gehnrich had never seen Mrs. Belmore again. Belmore spoke of her often. He never said anything that did not show that he admired her and loved her. Once he showed Gehnrich clippings from a newspaper. She had made a speech before a large group and raised a tremendous sum of money for her special charity.

"She could always do—anything she set out to do," Mr. Belmore said, half to himself.

Gehnrich looked at his watch. He was always annoyed when his pupils were late, especially when he was on time. At ten minutes after four Belmore came in, full of apologies.

"I'm so sorry. I was at the broker's office. I do hate to keep you waiting."

They went upstairs together, and Belmore immediately went to the little cabinet in the corner for the bottle of Scotch. It was the regular prelude to their lesson. A weak highball to tone them up! Gehnrich would have liked his drink undiluted, but Belmore from the very beginning had mixed the drinks without asking, and he was terribly disappointed when Gehnrich demurred in the least.

Then he rubbed his hands together and sat down at the piano while Gehnrich took his usual seat near the piano bench. It was then that he always began to feel restless. Those stiff fingers groping for the right key, muddled phrases, incorrect pedaling. All these years Mr. Belmore had nourished a secret belief that he could play. He had told Gehnrich at least half a dozen times that he had once played a Chopin waltz in a recital. He didn't seem to take into consideration the small matter of forty-five years that had passed since that recital.

After a few minutes Gehnrich stood up and began to pace back and forth. This would have to be the end. If he thought there was a chance for the old man to learn! But

he'd been at it for a year, and this was the result. Without attempting to listen any further, Gehrich recited his speech silently. This could not be handled like the other occasions when he allowed himself to speak his mind in a moment of passion. Belmore was old, and somehow pitiful. He would tell him gently. "Now, Mr. Belmore, you have been studying with me for a year. I don't want to take your money any longer. I think you have had enough coaching to continue by yourself. After all, you're not going to become a famous pianist. You want to play for your own amusement. You can do that already."

The music stopped. Mr. Belmore turned around in his chair, a far-off look on his face. Gehrich felt slightly confused, for he had heard nothing of the last few pages. He was waiting for his pupil to ask him, as he always did, what he thought of his playing. Had he improved? Was it really better? Afterwards Gehrich would recite his speech.

"Mr. Gehrich!" Belmore was now facing him. There was something on his mind, and apparently it wasn't music. "Mr. Gehrich, do you know this is the twenty-fifth anniversary of our marriage?"

"Indeed! Let me congratulate you then."

Without appearing to hear, Belmore went on. "In all the years Mrs. Belmore and I have been married, she has never once told me she loves me. I've given her everything, but sometimes I can't help wondering—"

Belmore turned back to the piano again quickly, as though he were ashamed of his confession. Gehrich was silent. He wanted to talk about his future in music and suggest that their lessons come to an end. He wanted to, and he couldn't. Perhaps it was the wrong time. What could he say to him? He put his hand on Belmore's arm.

"Some women never say it, but mean it."

"Do you think that?" Belmore's voice quivered a little as he spoke the words with boyish eagerness.

"I know it. Mrs. Belmore seems to be the—type—that would believe you took it for granted."

"You're a man of experience. I do believe you know what you're saying."

"Yes, I know. You don't need to worry about her. Perhaps you feel this way because you aren't able to keep busy enough—while she has her women's groups and political activities. You're lucky to be married to a fine woman like Mrs. Belmore."

"Shall we go on?" Belmore asked after a moment in which he said nothing. "You didn't say how I played it."

"No, I didn't say." Gehrich remembered the words he had ready for him. "Mr. Belmore," he began.

"Yes, Mr. Gehrich?" Belmore looked at him expectantly, hopefully.

"Mr. Belmore—that little number. It was better this time. Yes, really better. You—you gave it something."

"Did I really? You've made me very happy today, Mr. Gehrich."

Half an hour later Gehrich got up to leave. He was tired, and did not look forward to the long evening ahead of him.

"Another drink, please!" Belmore's hand quivered as he poured the liquid into the tall glasses.

"Not again—thank you."

"Please—this once. It's rather special today—for me."

Gehrich drank to his happiness. Belmore followed him downstairs to the door with his quick, nervous steps.

"Until next week!" Belmore said, his eyes shining with pleasure. He clasped his teacher's hand with his moist fingers.

"Until next week then!" Gehrich repeated. The door closed softly after him, and Gehrich took a deep breath.

"Until next week!" he sighed.

On the Air

Allan Sangster

► A SHEAF OF RANDOM COMMENTS to begin the New Year, one or two of them perhaps a little more personal than usual.

Critically Speaking, still in package form, which is good, is still restricted to thirty minutes, which is not good. I have yet to encounter any listener who feels that the cut in each speaker's time from fourteen to nine minutes is a good thing; obviously the speakers themselves feel cramped at having to review a whole week's radio, movies, or books in the thirteen to fourteen hundred words which can be crammed into this short time. Critically Speaking, this fall, has been exhibiting thinking and radio speaking of a pleasantly high average quality; it would be no trial at all to listen to each speaker for fifteen minutes. And when one contemplates the quantity of network time which is drivelled away on inanities (not so much on Sundays, I must admit) one wonders why so little is doled out to this provocative and intelligent program. When, we sometimes wonder, is Lister Sinclair coming back to the panel of radio critics? To this reviewer Mr. Sinclair always seemed both happier and more useful as a radio critic than as a book reviewer.

A personal word of thanks must go to Elsie Park Gowan—often the radio critic on this series—for her approval of my own story "Nor the Years Condemn" which was Canadian Short Stories' offering on November eleventh. "Just the sort of thing which should be read in Canada on Remembrance Day," she said. I was pleased also to hear Mrs. Gowan agree with me in describing the "Sex Education" Citizens' Forum as "fumbling." Especially pleased because the grapevine had brought reports of CBC displeasure at my criticism of this Forum—displeasure which was most intense, of course, in the Department of Talks and Public Affairs, which is responsible both for Citizens' Forum and for Critically Speaking.

The report which reached me said that the producers knew in advance that this would be a mild—not to say feeble—effort; that they felt it would be better, in a first broadcast dealing with so explosive a subject as S*X, merely to accustom the audience to the sound of the horrid word on the air, without shocking us unduly by actually trying to say something about it.

Gentlemen (Mr. Peers, Mr. Morrison, even Mr. Jennings and Mr. Bushnell) you really are among friends here, not only in this column but in this country; the defensive attitude ill becomes you. Have you been backed into a corner by the frantic propaganda of your enemies? True, their voices are loud because their purses are deep, but turn your ears another way. Listen to a myriad of small voices, the voices of the people, a majority of whom really do believe that you have made, in the CBC, a good radio system, and who are more than willing to have you make it even better. If we are not to have leadership, education, and plain speaking from our own radio system, whence are we to get it? Answers suggesting the daily press, the church, or the politicians are not acceptable.

Constant readers (if any) of this column will have noted that it wastes little space on private stations or commercial programs; most of its praise and blame are saved for the CBC—this on the sound strategic principle that limited powder and shot should be saved for the important and worth-while targets. An extension of this principle has kept me from saying much about the general programming of the Dominion Network, but surely something should be done

about this weak sister. Granted that it has been decided, probably rightly, that Dominion shall be the "light program" network of the system; it is still surely unnecessary to fill so much of its time with so much low grade material.

Example: a month or so ago Dominion, or at least its key-station CJBC (which is all I can hear in Toronto) was carrying the soap-opera "Against the Storm." The significant thing, however, was not the *presence* of Soap-Opera — the CBC will always have to carry Soap-Opera so long as its funds are limited—but the *absence* of soap. "Against the Storm" was being carried, unsponsored, purely as entertainment, without even the excuse of large cash payments to justify its inclusion in the schedule. I had hoped that the CBC had risen above this level.

Again, on week-day afternoons, CJBC regularly carries some five and a half hours of records: Byngtyme, 1.00 to 3.00; Afternoon Concert 3.00 to 4.00; Off the Record 4.05 to 6.30. The first and last of these are typical disc-jockey shows—quite good of their kind, but their kind is, in a word tripe. The second, Afternoon Concert, is good music, well-chosen and well-annotated—so good, in fact, that one always feels that it should have more than an hour.

One would hope, then, that with good music taking the short end of the stick in the ratio of one to four, at the very least its single hour would be held sacred and inviolable, but no. Recently, when the Toronto Board of Education decided to do some School Broadcasts (and very interesting they were, too), their time was taken out of the single hour of good music, instead of from the four hours of popular music. This sort of thing happens so often as to confirm the rumour that many highly placed CBC officials actually detest good music, both personally and as program material.

Mention of disc-jockey shows brings one automatically to announcers, and it seems worthwhile to mention the gradual but steady improvement in the quality of the Corporation's announcing. CBC announcers now sound, with rare exceptions, like people talking, easily and naturally and with normal interest, to other people who are normally interested in the conversation. The inflated emotional style and the actor announcer, long so popular in radio circles (though nowhere else) seem to have gone; if they never come back that will be just fine with me.

Two first-rate examples of this naturalistic school are the old-timer Byng Whitteker and the relative newcomer Michael Wood. Mr. Wood still permits touches of adolescent "smartness" to mar his work; when this tendency is suppressed his voice is, for ease and unmannered naturalness, among the very best. Advertisers, as usual, have been tardy on the uptake, slow to recognize a good thing when they have it. A few weeks ago, on his afternoon show, this same Michael Wood read a few commercials for Hillman—commercials which, in both matter and manner might stand as a model for interest-arousing automobile advertising. Only the most rigid self-control and fear of the debtor's prison kept me from rushing right out and buying a Hillman Minx—British manufacturers might take note.

Speaking of manufacturers, the *Forum's* radio critic would be delighted to take more notice of FM programs and (later) of television. From both of these laudable activities he is restrained by (a) no FM tuner (b) no television receiver. Would any well-wishing manufacturer care to make good these deficiencies? We don't insist on the very best—just any old set that happens to be in long supply will do.

In the meantime, to all readers and listeners, to many friends in the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation and a few enemies in the Canadian Association of Broadcasters, A Happy New Year and Good Listening.

Film Review

D. Mossdell

► TO JUDGE BY two recent, and excellent, Eagle-Lion releases, the Mad Movie Murder has at last reached the end of his rope; and not a moment too soon. *Kind Hearts and Coronets* and *The Hidden Room* each bring to our delighted attention, for a change, murderers who are as sane as we are, and a good deal cleverer.

In *Kind Hearts and Coronets* we are introduced to Louis Mazzini, whose mother, daughter of the seventh Duke of Chalfont, had run away and married an impoverished Italian opera-singer (referred to by the Chalfonts as an organ-grinder). This gentleman's non-aristocratic background causes the ducal family to dishonor their daughter and ignore the existence of the Mazzini menage. Louis is a cool, charming, arrogant young man, and when the Chalfonts carry family pride so far as to refuse to inter their errant, widowed daughter in the family vault, he decides to eliminate the eight intervening heirs to the dukedom and revenge himself upon the family by becoming Duke. He tells us the whole story himself, as, quiet, self-possessed, and elegant, he sits writing his memoirs in the condemned cell in the Tower of London; and a wittier, more talented rogue it has seldom been my pleasure to listen to. One by one he polishes his victims off, with marvellous finesse and a nice appreciation of poetic suitability—by sending a home-made bomb in a pot of caviare to the General, for example. Ironically enough, his only mistake is in underestimating the cleverness and capacity for revenge of Sibella, his discarded mistress, who succeeds in having him imprisoned for the murder of her husband, who actually committed suicide . . . It would be a pity to spoil your enjoyment of the final irony of the picture; only take care that you do not spoil it for yourself by coming in halfway through the performance; this is one film that you should most emphatically see from the beginning.

Looking back on it, what amused me most about *Kind Hearts and Coronets*, apart from the wit of the lines and the excellent performances of Dennis Price as Mazzini (here recouping himself handsomely from a ghastly picture about Lord Byron), Joan Greenwood as Sibella, and Alec Guinness as no fewer than eight members of the Chalfont family, was the astuteness of Robert Dighton, and the original author, in setting the whole action of the film in Edwardian England. This is a period recent enough to allow for twentieth century idiom in speech, and at the same time remote enough in costume and behaviour to make quite plausible the whole idea of a stiff-necked aristocracy, and romantic revenge as a motive. Oddly enough, *Kind Hearts* has been banned in the United States; presumably because it treats adultery as light-heartedly as it does murder.

The Hidden Room removes us from the contemplation of 'Orrible Revelations in 'Igh Life to the equally absorbing if rather more pedestrian difficulties of a middle-class London doctor, played by Robert Newton, whose pretty young wife has been indulging in a series of petits amours. As the story opens, the doctor's exasperation has reached the pitch where he has quite calmly decided to murder the next man who plays around with his wife. We stand in the darkened living-room with the doctor and eavesdrop on the wife and her pleasant young American friend; we watch and listen as the doctor neatly and with the minimum of fuss establishes the situation between them, induces his wife to retire upstairs, and escorts the young man to a basement apartment in a bombed and deserted area, where he proposes to keep

him, chained, until the hue and cry over his disappearance have died down and the plans for the execution have fully matured. From here on our interest and sympathy are evenly and expertly divided among three characters and a dog: the doctor, whose ingenuity and almost total lack of personal animosity toward his victim compel our respect; the young American, whose self-control in an awkward situation is admirable; the police superintendent, played by Naunton Wayne with exactly the right mixture of amiable fatuity and shrewdness; and the poodle, who plays what practically amounts to the romantic lead. This is an extremely well-managed production; but its most remarkable feature to me was the motivation for the crime—not jealous fury, not homicidal mania, but simple exasperation. And, of course, the daring stroke at the end, where boy gets not girl, but dog. Very refreshing.

To prove that good things very often come in threes, I should also like to recommend that you see *The Chiltern Hundreds*, which I suppose you might almost describe as a political comedy. The plot is rather complicated, involving as it does a young English Lord who runs for Parliament in war-time for romantic rather than patriotic reasons and is defeated by the Labor member, who immediately is translated into the House of Lords, thus leaving the seat vacant. On the eve of his departure for the Upper House, the new peer advises Lord Tony to keep the seat in the family by running again, this time as a Labor candidate; Tony agrees, only to find that his father's butler, shocked to the marrow by this failure of the nobility to remain Conservative has decided to run against him; does so, and wins . . . The whole thing of course is played out on the level of comedy, and is not intended to carry a message or establish a myth after the fashion of a *Mr. Deeds* or *Mr. Smith*. Within its limits, in fact, *The Chiltern Hundreds* is about as realistic a picture of the actual social-political scene in England's non-industrial counties as we are likely to get. American political pictures are pretty well devoted to the proposition (or myth) that professional politicians are *ipso facto* venal Edward Arnold types, eternally vulnerable to the noble clear-eyed bone-headed Jimmy Stewarts, who successfully substitute good intentions for political knowledge. *The Chiltern Hundreds* is not, as far as I can see, devoted to any such simple myth-making as that. All it does is present a highly entertaining sketch of a pottering aristocracy, a fiercely snobbish servant class, a shrewd political and social climber, and a chancy constituency—you draw your own conclusions.

Recordings

Milton Wilson

► THE END OF 1949 (centennial of Chopin's death) has brought a shower of Chopin recordings from Columbia. In an album of *Mazurkas* Maryla Jonas plays with conviction and originality, but with very little concern for Chopin. Her changes of pace are bewildering and frenzied; the dynamics are often unrelated, or in opposition, to Chopin's directions. Miss Jonas merely makes her own diverting pattern out of the chosen material. The effect is almost a parody of the traditionally capricious, neurotic Chopin, but I doubt if Miss Jonas is trying to be funny. The pitch seems to waver occasionally and the surfaces are unpleasantly scratchy. Safer, if less stimulating, is Gyorgy Sandor's Chopin album, also on Columbia. Rather dully recorded, it includes one of Chopin's greatest works, the *Fantasia in F minor*, as well as the *Barcarolle* and the inescapable *Fantasia-Improvisation*. Finally, in a new Columbia album, Kostelanetz conducts a set of lush, lingering transcriptions of Chopin favorites. The

album will presumably serve as background music for high-toned restaurants who have neglected to join the Musak chain; at least that's the best excuse I can think of for such heavily scented transcriptions of the most pianistic of composers.

In Columbia album J112 Ljuba Welitsch, whose performances of *Salomé* were so much admired in New York last year, sings the superb *Letter Scene* from Tchaikovsky's *Eugene Onegin*, accompanied by the Philharmonica orchestra under Walter Susskind. The sustained tenderness of her style fits much of the music beautifully, but not all. Unfortunately, when excitement or passion are required she often continues in the same relatively undramatic way, and produces in general a more monotonous and subdued effect than one expects from this impressively varied scene. To give only one example, a few bars before the first 6/8 section there is a passage marked *poco stringendo*, which Miss Welitsch takes in the same style as before, without giving any sense of new urgency. I prefer, therefore, the fresher and more dramatic performance of Joan Hammond on English Columbia, although she omits the opening of the scene. It is a pity, by the way, that neither Victor nor Columbia has given us a complete (or, at least, abridged) recording of *Eugene Onegin*. The only existing version that I know of is a very badly performed and recorded Soviet-Russian set, released in the States by Disk.

Columbia set J107 contains a new recording of the *Ballet Music* from *Faust*, performed without much sparkle by the City of Birmingham Orchestra under George Weldon. The recording is above average.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Editor: Work has recently begun on the preparation of a new edition of Dickens's letters. The publishers will be Messrs Rupert Hart-Davis Ltd., to whom the rights in both the Nonesuch Press edition of the collected letters and the book called *Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dickens* have been granted. In addition to this, the project has the full support of the Dickens family, together with permission to use all available new material. The Dickens Fellowship is already giving its active help.

An Advisory Board has been formed, consisting of Professor John Butt of King's College, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Mr. Henry C. Dickens, O.B.E., Mr. Rupert Hart-Davis, Mr. A. N. L. Munby, Fellow & Librarian of King's College, Cambridge, Mr. Leslie C. Staples (Editor of *The Dickensian*), Count de Suzannet, and Mr. James Thornton. I have accepted the work of editing the letters, with Mr. K. J. Fielding as my assistant.

To make the edition as complete and accurate as possible (for the Nonesuch edition is in neither respect perfect) we are anxious to trace not only unpublished autograph letters of Dickens but also the original of letters already in print, either whole or in part.

We therefore ask all private owners, and librarians who have charge, of Dickens manuscript letters if they will kindly inform us, in general or in detail, of what they have in their possession. At this stage we are not asking for originals or transcripts or photographs to be sent, but we propose to write later direct to libraries and owners for permission to make or check transcripts in whatever way seems most convenient.

We particularly want to trace the present ownership and location of letters which we know to exist only from sale-catalogues and similar sources. To this end any information, even the slightest clue, about changes of ownership would be welcome.

Will all correspondents please write to me c/o Rupert Hart-Davis Ltd., 53 Connaught Street, London, W.2?
Humphrey House, Wadham College, Oxford, England.

* * *

The Editor: Mr. E. A. Beder, defending his incorrect statement that the major British problem is the loss of income from overseas investment, says that Dr. D. B. Marsh's figures, showing that this income only fell from £205 million in 1938 to £162 million in 1948, are misleading; quotes *The Economist* to the effect that British invisible income fell from £232 million in 1938 to £32 million in 1948.

As Mr. Beder would not attempt to deceive your readers, I come to the conclusion that he does not quite understand this question. The figures given by *The Economist* cover the entire balance of invisible income, of which income from overseas investment is only one component. His argument is something like saying that I cannot possibly be smoking an increased amount of pipe tobacco, because my total consumption of tobacco in all forms has decreased.

True, *The Economist* went on to argue that the British loss of overseas investment was the major cause of balance of payment difficulties, but it seems fairly certain that *The Economist*, like Mr. Beder, was accepting a widely spread error on this point.

Barclays Bank recently calculated that the loss of British overseas investments during the war amounted to a reduction of £1118 million in an original total of £4684 million. These figures are in proportion similar to the figures of income from these investments quoted by Dr. Marsh.

The importance of all this is very great. It is totally impossible to hope for intelligent measures to cope with the present crisis if the causes of the crisis are not correctly assessed.

P. C. Armstrong, Montreal, P.Q.

TURNING NEW LEAVES

► IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY there has occurred in Western civilization a remarkable development of both the theory and the practice of irrationalism. The tendency to undermine reason has, of course, been greatly encouraged by the violence of temper which has characterized international relations in our time as well as by the widespread cultural disintegration which has accompanied the gigantic ravages of two world wars. There has also been a rapid rise of the arts of propaganda, or manipulation of public opinion by group, class, or national interests. Frank affirmations of mass—desires have replaced attempts to persuade by reasoned arguments.

Dr. Morris Ginsberg, Martin White Professor of Sociology, in the University of London, has given in his latest book* a piercing analysis of the part played by reason and unreason in human affairs. Three main topics are considered: trends in contemporary sociology; the psychology of national character and of group antagonisms; and the philosophical foundations of world understanding. The brilliant essays, in the third part of the book, on the factors making for the unity of mankind, the possibility of a rational ethics and of progress in morals, the ethical basis of law and the moral aspects of the relations between states are an outstanding contribution to the discussion of basic international problems. This is not the place to give a detailed analysis of Professor Ginsberg's proposals for an international ethics; it must suffice to say that his book merits the closest study by educators, social workers, journalists, and religious and political leaders.

The book exposes a major defect in the organization of

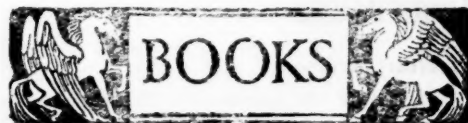
*REASON AND UNREASON IN SOCIETY: Morris Ginsberg; S. J. Reginald Saunders (Harvard); pp. viii, 327; \$5.50.

the curriculum in universities today. For Dr. Ginsberg makes it clear that the rational social philosophy which is so urgently required for world understanding must be based on a knowledge of psychology and the social sciences as well as of ethics. It is deplorable that so many educators are ignorant of, and sometimes even hostile to, sociology; it is even more deplorable that the curricula of Canadian universities are so organized that very few students have the opportunity of studying philosophy and the social sciences in conjuncture.

During the past year there have been prolonged discussions in the Faculty of Arts of Canada's leading university concerning the problem of general education in a democratic society. It is the primary duty of a university president to take the initiative in the development of new educational policies for a changing world. Is it unreasonable to hope that Dr. Ginsberg's writings, together with the dynamic leadership in the reformation of the curriculum recently given at the University of Toronto by Dr. Sidney Smith, will stir Canadian university presidents from their apathy? It is even possible that we might discover in Canada, as Dr. Abraham Flexner discovered long ago in the United States, that millionaires are almost infinitely susceptible to endowment-hungry university administrators with educational ideals. Education for world understanding is not only a great ideal but also a practical necessity; its realization depends upon the integration of philosophy and the social sciences in our future programs of study.

In addition to its importance for educational administrators, Dr. Ginsberg's book also has an unusual significance for all those who are interested in the development of philosophy and the social sciences. The increasing departmentalization of university subjects has been unfortunate for both disciplines: philosophers avoid the consideration of psychological and social facts by arid analyses of sense-data; sociologists avoid the consideration of moral values by equally arid compilations of statistical data. The massive strength of Dr. Ginsberg's approach to ethics and sociology consists in his capacity (almost unique at the present time) to speak both languages with eloquence and authority. Today the western democracies are desperately in need of a social philosophy. Any social philosophy which can hope to meet that need must carry scientific as well as moral conviction; only in terms of a synthesis of philosophy and the social sciences can reason wage a successful battle against the force of unreason in the world.

JOHN. A. IRVING.



THIS I DO BELIEVE: David E. Lilienthal; Musson (Harper); pp. 208; \$2.75.

An intelligent, well-informed and supposedly liberal American, then Chairman of the United States Atomic Energy Commission, formerly Chairman of the Tennessee Valley Authority, here takes a look at the world, with especial reference to his own country and its present place within that world.

Having regard to the facts that Mr. Lilienthal is thought to be among the most liberal and fair-minded Americans, that in many quarters he has been under suspicion and persecution as a near-Communist, what he sees, the way he sees it, and the way he thinks about it are almost frightening. For if this be the thinking of a notably clear-headed,

broad-minded American, then what can the average American thinking be?

"Nor has there ever been a vast nation in which the different national and racial groups have been so readily assimilated. The melting pot has really melted. That is something to brag about . . . It would be wholesome if we were to revive that good old-fashioned custom of bragging about America."

When has that custom ever been allowed to die? one might ask in passing. Certainly not in this book.

Despite the fact that Mr. Lilienthal was "boss" to the foremost atomic scientists in a country which has cornered a great many of them, despite the fact that these men, who made the nuclear art what it is today, have clamored ceaselessly and vigorously against the futile secrecy which American politicians have forced upon them, Mr. Lilienthal goes right along with these politicians: "The clear necessity of secrecy, in wide areas of an industry, is one example . . . Add, too, the fact that each industrial employee or anyone else who has access to secret information must be investigated by the FBI and cleared by the Commission." Not a word of recognition, much less of support, anywhere in the whole book for the scientists' almost unanimous opinion that such secrecy is worse than useless.

No one, excepting the hardest-shelled supporters of untrammelled private enterprise, will deny that the great TVA is a superb achievement, or that Mr. Lilienthal, as chief executive of the project, did excellent work in bringing it a long way towards completion. In the sections of the book devoted to this work he reveals himself as a wise, fair-minded man: "We realized that if TVA failed to establish fair and workable relations between the human beings working on the job, the whole project would probably be a failure, even if every physical objective were reached. What permanent good will it do our country to save our soil, to control floods, and to distribute cheap electricity if these goals are reached with disregard for the individual worker, or by methods that cast aside the desire of labor to have a creative role in the undertaking?"

Then, having left TVA, a project which really was "by, for, and of the people," Mr. Lilienthal sees nothing anomalous in turning over the far vaster and more important AEC projects to such industrial empires as General Electric and Carbon and Carbide Corporation. In TVA true democracy began to get somewhere; in AEC it was thrown back, quickly, in everything but name, to production by private industry for profit. And, says Mr. Lilienthal: "The policy appears to me to be sound."

But the most distressing, most frightening feature of *This I Do Believe* is that nowhere in it is to be found even the beginning of an attempt to think on anything but the national level. The United States "has become by every measure (italics mine) the first nation of the world . . . if individual freedom and individual opportunity should falter and perish here in America, where in the whole wide world would they survive?"

I suggest that, in common with too many of his compatriots, Mr. Lilienthal cannot see the (international) forests because of the (American) trees. A.S.

RITUAL MAGIC: E. M. Butler; Macmillan; pp. 329; \$5.25.

This work is the second volume of a trilogy by the Schröder Professor of German in the University of Cambridge. Miss Butler's aim is to demonstrate the dependence of the Faust-legend of the sixteenth century upon the rites by which the practitioners of magic sought to enlist the aid

of powerful spirits for their own ends. Consequently, her book will be of interest chiefly for those who, familiar with the earlier work, *The Myth of the Magus*, wish to follow the further elaboration of her argument. For this purpose, as the author explains, she has collected "a limited number of printed texts localized almost exclusively in Europe and concentrated for the most part in specimens of a quasi-modern nature." Nevertheless, the selected texts carry the reader from the Graeco-Egyptian Magical Papyri to the romantic experiments of Eliphas Lévi in the nineteenth century.

It is not easy to assess the value of conclusions drawn from the examination of material so difficult, complex, and varied as that furnished by the study of magical texts. For if fasting and solemn invocations seem at times to blur the frontiers between magic and religion on the one hand, the painstaking attention to detail and the care to avoid even the slightest error in the choice of time and materials would suggest, on the other hand, that the magician was behaving rather like a modern scientist embarking upon a particularly difficult and dangerous experiment. The same problem of interpretation arises when one turns to literature. How much, or how little, is involved in the statement that Dante's *Divine Comedy* shows "the creative energy in ceremonial magic transformed into peerless poetry"?

In her conclusion, the author is concerned to show the injustice done to the magicians by the "myth of Satanism," and incidentally, to illustrate the crimes which have been committed under the guise of suppressing secret and diabolical rites. Here, however, the treatment is too cursory; and the writer is betrayed into highly dubious generalizations. Should it be assumed that the charge of "ritual murder" was brought against the Jews by early Christians who were retaliating for similar slanders levied against their secret ceremonies? Is it not wiser, with Cecil Roth, to find its appearance, at "a propitious moment," in 1144, when the fanaticism engendered by the Crusades was at its height? And while it is true that the record of the suppression of the Templars makes dismal reading, it also suggests something much more complicated than the cynical compact for plundering the Order which Miss Butler apparently attributes to Philip the Fair and Clement V.

W. Lyndon Smith.

GASPE: LAND OF HISTORY AND ROMANCE; Blodwen Davies; Ambassador Books; pp. 233; \$4.00.

I had no sooner complained in the pages of *The Canadian Forum* of the lack of books describing different parts of Canada than Blodwen Davies and Ambassador Books came up with this fine contribution; and while there are parts of Canada much more in need of discovery, if another book on Gaspé was to be written, then undoubtedly Blodwen Davies was the one to do it. The settled part of Gaspé Peninsula—the blunt, terminal portion of the Province of Quebec south of the St. Lawrence, jutting eastward into the Gulf, consists of but a narrow strip along the coast, served by 558 miles of splendid highway. Miss Davies writes fondly of Gaspé's coves and villages, and thrillingly of the cliffs and headlands along which the highway winds. She mentions, of course, the Shickshock Mountains, which form the peninsula's backbone, but gives little information about them. This is for a very good reason: Miss Davies is a writer, not an explorer; and the Shickshocks still remain largely to be explored.

Gaspé was one of the first spots in Canada touched by the feet of Europeans. It lies off the fishing banks that had enticed hardy fishermen across the Atlantic even before the day of Columbus. Nevertheless, it is still an

isolated survival of more primitive times. Its history is varied and picturesque, but already in danger of becoming obscured by tradition and legend. Miss Davies is attracted by the legendary; nevertheless, her narrative, while missing none of the romance in connection with the many personages and events with which the history of Gaspé is crowded, hews closely to the line of fact. Miss Davies is also attracted by Gaspesian simplicity, and is repelled by the prospect of change; she would welcome a continuance of the primitive way of life that is to her so pleasing.

Fishing, catering to tourists, and, to a limited extent on the south side of the peninsula, farming, are the people's chief occupations. There is practically no industry; and the minerals which the Shickshocks may some day supply are still hidden within their rocks. One gathers that Miss Davies would regret the introduction of industry into this fairy domain; and, while she admits the existence of great poverty, she calls it "decent" poverty, which seems to remove some of the curse. Undoubtedly, industrialism often brings evils in its train; nevertheless, it is the way of the future; only through the application of scientific knowledge to natural wealth can we hope to provide an adequate scale of living for all. Gaspé is one spot where this may be possible. Gaspé Basin, one of the great natural harbors of the world, might some day be a great seaport.

The publishers have done a fine piece of book-making; and it is greatly enhanced by the splendid photographs taken specially by George Driscoll, A.R.S.P. The proof-reading is not as carefully done as could be, and we find "Rimouski" spelt in two different ways on one page (p.6), and a number of other typographical errors throughout the book. The height of Mount Jacques Cartier is given differently in two places, but it is possible that Miss Davies was merely trying to be impartial in her use of official figures, which sometimes contradict themselves. Despite these not-too-serious blemishes, *Gaspé: Land of History and Romance* is a good book, and the story that Miss Davies tells amply fulfills the promise of its title. *D. M. LeBourdais*

SOCIAL THOUGHT IN AMERICA: Morton G. White; Macmillan; pp. ix., 260; \$4.50.

The title of this volume doesn't denote very accurately what it is really about. Its subject is "the philosophes of the Roosevelt revolution", i.e. the thinkers in the first two decades of the twentieth century who laid the basis of that liberal social thought which was to express itself in the New Deal of the 1930's. Professor White picks out five men, and proceeds to show what there was in common in the legal realism of Mr. Justice Holmes, the instrumentalism of John Dewey, the institutional economics of Thorstein Veblen, the "New History" of James Harvey Robinson, and the economic determinism of Charles A. Beard. They were engaged, he argues, in a common attack upon an arid formalism which was blinding American thinkers of their younger days to social realities. He works this out brilliantly in an analysis of their best known writings illustrated by copious quotations. Evidently he admires these men, but his criticism is mostly devoted to showing the defects in their thinking. They are now, he says, outmoded. But they had virtues which the present age lacks, and contemporary social thought has yet to reveal any cohesive successor to their school. "The question today is whether we can salvage more than a temper in Beard, Dewey, Holmes, Robinson and Veblen; but to salvage even their temper would help, for it was a good and humane temper; it was honest, courageous, rational and enlightened." Alas, some philosopher is always coming along and demonstrating that the heroes of one's youth were intellectually muddle-headed and inconsistent, and only

admirable in their emotions. This seems to be what philosophers are for in this world. *F.H.U.*

CROSS COUNTRY: Hugh MacLennan; Collins; pp. 16, 172; \$2.50.

If there was any reader so lacking in vision as to miss the underlying theme of Hugh MacLennan's three novels, he will here receive illumination. For those who recognized the principle upon which the author was selecting his scenes and characters, the Canadian essays in this collection will have a double significance. "The Tyranny of the Sunday Suit" and "On Discovering Who We Are" should be read in conjunction with the description of the dull monotony of small-town life in *The Precipice* and its comparison with the glittering excitement of New York—an implicit comparison of the two civilizations which these two ways of life typify. "The Canadian Character," with its examination of ethnological problems, should be read in conjunction with *Two Solitudes*; and "Portrait of a City" (Halifax) supplements, if it does not explain, *Barometer Rising*.

Here, as in the novels, Dr. MacLennan's work is uneven, the more conspicuously so because of the variety in the subject matter. This ranges from a fragmentary anecdote of childhood with its sense of isolation and craving for security, to the groping of the thoughtful adult after religious certainty, and from spectacular analyses of the Canadian way of life to more or less topical and superficial treatments of the United States. Furthermore, one or two of the articles are rather dated. At his best Dr. MacLennan writes brilliantly and provocatively. There is humor here too, as in the description of Canada as a good woman with a good woman's hatred of quarrels, her readiness to compromise to keep the peace, her clucking disapproval of a robust masculine vigor which she secretly admires and envies and her reluctant but implacable resistance when there is any threat to her basic values. Above all, there is a burning sincerity. Dr. MacLennan not only loves his country; he likes it and wishes to understand it and be friends with it.

True Davidson.

THE RADIANT ORB: L. Wyatt Lang; W. J. Parrett; pp. 199; \$3.00.

This book gives a straightforward account of the psychological problems of normal humanity which were faced by the Jesus of the gospels. The "radiant orb" suspended before the mind's eye of Horatio Nelson as the image of personal self-evaluation gives the author the idea for his title: he pictures a "golden orb" growing more distinct in the imagination of the child Jesus as he is carefully told by his mother that at Gabriel's announcement of his conception he was declared the Son of God who was to be given the throne of David. On the basis of this message from heaven, Jesus has to discover how best he is to act as both Son of God and Son of Man. By the time of his baptism he has integrated the various possible conflicts in his view of himself, and on this occasion God the Father first speaks to him externally and publicly. Self-integrated, he realizes that God is substantial and has "shape" (a view foreign to the dominant emphasis in contemporary Judaism) and that he, as God-made-Flesh, is to bring substantiality and "shape" to mankind. He is dominated emotionally by love, the goal of which is to bring union between God and Man. To combat sin, which is estrangement from God, he preaches a gospel of love, and then determines that he must personally and honestly endure suffering, to bring all men to himself and into the substance and "shape" of God. In the eyes of nationalist vested interests he is threatening to bless all

mankind with the revelation to them in flesh and blood of the God of Abraham. He is killed, but he returns from death in similar substance and shape, and since the ascension remains in recognizable form with mankind.

The motives and behaviour of Jesus are remarkably humanized without any questioning of his divinity. The author illustrates with frequent references to relevant experiences noted in modern biographies and autobiographies, and adds an appendix illustrating the effects of the "radiant orbs" of four figures of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, and providing a penetrating but inadequate discussion of the Browning love letters. The appendix is by way of a conversational afterthought, and suffers from the striking amateurishness noticeable throughout.

But the main wonder of this volume is that it passes over all the criticisms which reductive materialism has darted at Christian revelation. The truth of the gospels is accepted *in toto*, and the validity of the psychological method is apparently unaffected. Philosophical questions about what types of data are to be accepted by the science of psychology are untouched; the author does not even trouble himself to ask how a phenomenalist can dare to reject a class of phenomena on the basis of phenomenalist, rather than epistemological, principles.

Graham Cotter.

THE WONDER OF ALL THE GAY WORLD: James Barke; Collins; pp. 671; \$3.50.

The third volume by James Barke of a huge four-volume fictional biography of Robert Burns to be entitled *Immortal Memory* follows the general pattern of the first two volumes. *Immortal Memory*, when completed will be the latest in a long list of biographies that follow the fashion set by André Maurois in 1923 with his life of Shelley entitled *Ariel*. I do not like biography written as fiction. The reader never knows whether a speech in quotation marks is the invention of the author or is a real quotation. However, Mr. Barke has read all the vast Burns literature and undoubtedly succeeds in presenting a vivid and consistent picture of the harassed poet. Whether he has done the memory of Burns a service is open to question. The story he tells, with its tiresome descriptions of endless amours, puts more emphasis on the "lewd Scotch peasant" than on the inspired poet.

But this volume makes a real and even a great contribution to the story of Robert Burns and his fate by the convincing picture Mr. Barke draws of Edinburgh life in 1786-88. He makes us see that it was the outspoken politics of Burns and not his sexual irregularities that worried his Edinburgh sponsors. The shadow of Culloden and the persecution that avenged the rebellion of 1745 still hung dark over Scotland. It was not good for one's prospects to utter either republican or pro-Stuart sentiments. Mr. Barke convinces us that the surprising thing is not that Burns got only the ill-paid post of a gauger but that he got even that humble government job. All serious students of Burns are indebted to Mr. Barke for the fuller light he throws on the poet's background in Edinburgh.

J. M. M.

LIFE AMONG THE DOCTORS: Paul de Kruif; George J. McLeod; pp. 470; \$6.00.

"The little done, the undone vast." Such, or something such, must have been de Kruif's enduring conviction in his long crusade to enlighten America to its status and problems in the realm of health. In writing this particular book he is, however, concerned far more with achievements than with prospects, albeit that day when there shall be no pre-

ventable poor health or disease is always in his thoughts, and two part-ways of bringing it nearer receive the one full, the other fair consideration late in the work. Most of these long chapters record the set-backs and successes of contemporary pioneers—Spies, Loewe, Kabat and others—in their efforts to establish new methods of treating specific diseases.

The title of the book refers to de Kruif's own life among the doctors—he was intimately associated with most or all of these heroes of humanity, and with countless others. A more informative title would be "Life Despite The Doctors"—for the burden of almost every story, its chilling and shocking message, is that these devoted workers against human weakness and agony and avoidable death had to face, had to parry or yield to or surmount, the almost solid opposition, sometimes inert, more often active, not seldom utterly unscrupulous, of the medical fraternity, and above all of its organizations; opposition springing from a variety of motives, including obscurantism, jealousy, and perhaps most frequently concern for the individual's bank-roll. Lest Canadians should be tempted to complacency it should be said that there is every reason and much fact to justify the belief that conditions in this country are, to say the most, no better.

Health is, or should be, the most vital long-term concern of everybody, justice and kindness being alone excepted. This book will perform a valuable function of enlightenment, and the enlightenment will be spiritual as well as intellectual. It will also raise the question, among others, how long will a democratic people be content that thousands, or tens of thousands, or hundreds of thousands, should suffer, and die, every year, unnecessarily? And, what is the answer? State-medicine? Before we plump for that, we might at least read and ponder de Kruif's chapter on the work of Dr. Garfield.

Finally, a respectful suggestion to Dr. de Kruif: the book is too long to reach the vast majority of those it could serve; I hope he will publish an abridgement, to sell for fifty cents or less.

R. E. K. Pemberton

THE WORLD NEXT DOOR: Fritz Peters; Clarke, Irwin; pp. 362; \$4.00.

This is another in the fast growing series of books about insanity and mental hospitals. In brief, it is the story of David Mitchell, a young American veteran, who goes out of his mind and is committed to a mental hospital, of his experiences there, and of his gradual return to the world of reality.

This is, to all practical purposes, a male version of *The Snake Pit*. It has the same virtues: the vivid descriptions of the way an insane person's mind works, of the interspersed periods of lucidity and madness, and of the faulty treatment resulting from harried doctors and brutal guards. It has, also, the same weakness: the failure to give enough background to explain the causes which produced the breakdown, or to show how the treatment enabled the patient to return to sanity. While it is a convincing picture of a mind that has crossed the borders of reality, the recovery is not sufficiently motivated to give any assurance that Mitchell will not again slip out of real life into "the world next door." E. Fowke.

THE SHOW MUST GO ON: Elmer Rice; Macmillan (Viking, New York); pp.472; \$4.00.

One of the most prolific and distinguished writers in the American theatre here does the work which lies nearest to his hand, and writes a sprawling, suspenseful, revealing story of the American stage.

The Show Must Go On picks up a talented but naive and uncouth New Englander, Eric Kenwood, in his home village of Colterstown at the point where he has just been notified by his agent that a play of his has attracted the favourable notice of a celebrated New York producer. From there it follows Kenwood and his play through the whole agonizing and exciting cycle of consideration, revision, acceptance, casting, rehearsal, production and demise. On its way it meets the whole squalid, glamorous panoply of the professional theatre—producers, angels, stars and actors of every degree, designers, stage crew and hangers-on—and turns them inside out for our fascinated and sometimes horrified inspection.

To his dissection and analysis Mr. Rice brings not only his competence as writer and story-teller, but the vast knowledge and authority gathered during a lifetime in the theatre. One wishes, occasionally, that he were as good a novelist as he is a playwright, but against that one sets the clinical precision of his observation, the compulsion of his accurate and lively reporting, and finds that the author and his book come off by no means second in this conflict.

For the ordinary reader *The Show Must Go On* will probably be a somewhat slow-starting but interesting novel; for all readers who have or have ever had even the slightest interest in the theatre it will be, in a word with which they are familiar, colossal. A.S.

TRADE UNIONS IN THE NEW SOCIETY: Harold J. Laski; Macmillan: pp. x., 182; \$4.00.

This book contains the substance of the Sidney Hillman lectures which Professor Laski delivered in the United States early in 1949 on the invitation of the Sidney Hillman Foundation. The argument of the lectures is that American labor should abandon its pressure-group program in politics for out-and-out activity as an organized political party. The argument seems to me unanswerable, and Professor Laski marshals all the cases where labor has found executive, legislatures, courts and organs of opinion against it. But he hardly treats of the political action which labor seems more and more likely to adopt in the United States, that of aligning itself in active membership of one of the old political parties. And as an Englishman talking to Americans he might well have spent more time dealing with the new problems and responsibilities that have faced British trade unions in the process of nationalizing the basic British industries. One must also report sadly that he is still repeating himself endlessly, even in this short book, and still expressing himself in long abstract circumlocutions. F.H.U.

THE ROAD TO STRATFORD: Frank O'Connor; British Book Service (Methuen); pp. 149; \$1.50.

The title of this book, so far from yielding any hint of its actual character, suggests that it may embody, at best, some not entirely worthless haverings on the figure, magic, or what not, of Will Shakespeare. In reality, it is a work of mature, penetrating, and precise criticism of the man and of his individual works. Mr. O'Connor holds that Shakespeare was essentially a poet, rather than a dramatist; that in his middle period he succeeded in subordinating his subjective impulse to that objectivity without which good drama cannot be achieved; and that in his early, and still more in his late periods, he allows self-expression to ride roughshod over, where it does not simply neglect, dramatic symmetry, verisimilitude, and common sense. With the basic proposition that Shakespeare's genius was pre-eminently poetical most will probably agree. That many of the most famous plays rate very poorly as drama is a judgment far more contentious. The author's habit, however, is to support his opinions with

arguments, and these will be found to be always persuasive and often convincing.

The most remarkable thing about this book is the fact that it packs so much first-rate material into so few pages. Moreover, while ostensibly, and actually, an essay in analysis and interpretation, it presents also, in all but form, a drama of absorbing interest—the drama of a soul profound, intense, teeming, ebullient; of its struggles with disappointment, and with itself; of its half-reluctant—and for dramatic art so fruitful—sojourn with self-discipline; of its eventual bursting of the barriers and escape—not retreat—to that uninhibited freedom in which alone the infinite in man can live in all its fullness and, where man has genius, works wonders. It is sad, but was perhaps inevitable, that for the somewhat wayward genius of Shakespeare the journey should have ended in a despairing misanthropy.

This book is "must" reading for all who would add to their understanding of Shakespeare and his works. One more only of its merits is that it will help to correct a common weakness of modern criticism: its tendency to disregard form as an indispensable element in all art that can lay fair claim to greatness as such. R. E. K. Pemberton.

A NIGHT AT THE AIRPORT: Mark Aldanov; S. J. Reginald Saunders (Scribner's); pp. 224; \$5.00.

Here are six long short stories and one short one. The title story deals, somewhat confusedly, with a hypothetical night at a hypothetical airport which might be Gander; Darkness, which is the short one, is a vengeful incident in the Paris wartime blackout. Number Fourteen deals with the last hours of Mussolini and his mistress, just as *The Astrologist* deals at somewhat greater distance with the last hours in the *Führerbunker* of Hitler and his mistress. The Ruby is a variant on the old tale of the gentleman and the prostitute; Exterminator is a picture of the Yalta conference, with several of the earth's great men reacting vigorously before our eyes; The Belvedere Torso takes us back to the court of Pope Pius IV (1499-1565) and embroils us in some skulduggery in which, perhaps a little unaccountably, Michelangelo and Giorgio Vasari are concerned.

The title story, *A Night at the Airport*, seemed to me to be, on its own high level, a surprisingly superficial and inchoate tale; Darkness is only a little better. After these, however, Mr. Aldanov hits his stride; the other stories are powerful, sentient, and compelling. For once the publisher's jacket blurb does not overstate: "His sensitivity of perception enables him to think and feel himself into the situations and characters portrayed, and he takes the reader along with him." On this basis *A Night at the Airport* is recommended, especially to those who like the historical short story.

The price, however, \$5.00 for what is really a small book, is high. A. S.

SOVIET GOLD: Vladimir Petrov; Clarke, Irwin; pp. 426; \$5.50.

Vladimir Petrov, now on the faculty of Yale University, tells of his experiences as a slave laborer in Siberia. In the foreword he states his intention to give "a truthful exposition of facts." Whether he achieves his goal or not is a matter for individual judgment. This reviewer cannot imagine how anyone could remember in such detail the many conversations in the book or how, after a lapse of so many years, such a minute account can be given of so many events. These devices merely arouse questions as to the general authenticity of a record which is possibly correct in its broad outline.

The marks which have been deducted for such touches of attempted verisimilitude are partially restored on two counts. In the first place there is a lack of sensationalism which is welcome in any book written on such a subject. Secondly, Petrov emerges as a human being without any false heroics and indeed as most others would had they lived through a similar ordeal.

The book is the resumé of an existence which only the fortunate or the strong survived. Life in the gold mines was a struggle against man and nature in which the prisoner usually succumbed. Petrov was one of the lucky ones and the record of his years in Siberia is interesting. *A.M.S.*

MOUNTY IN A JEEP: T. Morris Longstreth; Macmillan; pp. 158; \$2.50.

This is a book for boys, ages twelve to sixteen.

Is it necessary when writing for juveniles to assume a juvenile mind? We believe not. Mr. Longstreth appears to think otherwise. Pool-rooms per se are bad, school teachers are good, Mounties (at the age of twenty) are not only brave but wise as Solomon. Jake Huard is bad and his influence on Lowey is bad. Miss MacAndrew is good.

But we do not see, taste, hear or smell this badness and goodness. It simplifies life, this attitude, "streamlines" it. Unfortunately it dulls instead of whetting the appetite. The tough boys of the village are redeemed by lantern slides, gymnastics in the basement, and by looking at the moon through Constable Acton's telescope. Oh, yeah!

You may buy this for your nephew however in the knowledge that it is safe, sanitary, and purposeful. But is that all he deserves?
P. H. Amsden

ALL OVER THE PLACE: Compton Mackenzie; Clarke, Irwin; (Chatto & Windus); \$4.50.

Mr. Compton Mackenzie has during his long and adventurous life been a prolific producer of Novels and Romances, History and Biography, Essays, Verse and even Children's Stories. He is now, so he tells us, engaged in compiling a history of the contribution India made to victory in the Second World War. In order to turn an honest penny during his extensive work, he has published the rather random notes made during a ten month voyage of investigation.

If you are interested in knowing where Mr. Mackenzie dined on December 29, 1946, what he ate and who he met and of ascertaining similar data on other days, then you will enjoy the book. Some of the notes are interesting, but most of them read like short dutiful letters to the old folks at home.
Mark G. Cohen.

THE EYE OF GOD: Ludwig Bemelmans; Macmillan; pp. 312; \$3.75.

The Eye of God begins and ends as a chronicle of the Tannegg family in the tiny village of Aspen which nestles against a mountain peak in Tyrol known as the Eye of God. Arbogast Tannegg, a silent, stolid, "Naturmensch", is the chief representative of the Tyrolean life of peace and simplicity which weathers a succession of invasions: first the luxury resort hotel across the way, and then, in turn, the Nazi and French occupations. Against this background is presented a wide variety of amusing characters, as well as some effective narrative. It would seem that the eye of God had indeed watched over the village of Aspen all this while, for the end of the novel brings happiness to the virtuous, and punishment to the godless.

Though the jacket of the book loudly proclaims it to be a novel, there are long stretches, totalling half the reading time at least, in which the reader finds himself unable to regard it as such. How much of this is due to the fact that the subject matter—largely the people of Tyrol and the hotel crowd—has until now been treated by Bemelmans outside the realm of fiction, and how much to insufficient subordination of character and incident to a central theme. I am not quite certain. In any case, one has the feeling that one is looking at the real world through Bemelmans' eyes, and seeing, therefore, figures drawn like the houses of Aspen on the inside cover of the book, in simple, almost childlike strokes, containing, nevertheless, all the essentials, and certainly the full possibilities of humour. If *The Eye of God* is not quite at home in novel form, it is certainly successful Bemelmans, and provides several hours of delightful reading.
B. Pomer

SUN AND HEIR: Stephen Lister; S. J. Reginald Saunders; pp. 214; \$2.25.

The sub-title tells us that this is "the Discursive and Improbable Account of Sundry Journeying in Search of the Characters, the Plot and other Essential Raw Materials for a Novel in the Romantic Tradition." The journey begins

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in England and after brief and pointless stop-overs in New York, Ottawa, Montreal and some place near Napanee, Ontario, Mr. Lister lands on an unnamed island in the Caribbean. Here an assortment of more or less believable characters booze away the nights and sleep away the days. With the exception of an English-born Spanish Countess who is an aging nymphomaniac, the other characters are much too soaked in alcohol to be sexually precocious.

The story of mysterious Marion Callendar threatens to lend some interest to the tale, but for reasons best known to the author, probably to spoof the reader, this story is never revealed and Marion comes and goes without anyone being a bit wiser. Altogether an amusing tale for a winter evening when the Caribbean sun and oceans of rum will keep out the cold winds.

Mark G. Cohen.

POETRY AND PERSONAL RESPONSIBILITY: George Every; Macmillan (SCM Press, London); pp. 96; 55c.

This small book, one of the series, *Viewpoints, Contemporary Issues of Thought and Life*, is set in a broad, non-dogmatic, Christian framework. The particular, extrapoetic standpoint, from which a trend of English literature during the last decade is evaluated, gives a clear though possibly over simplified force to the work as a whole. However, the scope of Mr. Every's subject is too great to be safely handled in the limited space at his disposal. Nor does he seem to have the power of critical compression. As a result, his judgments tend to skim the surface, rather than probe and concentrate the core of the problem. But as a job of placing some modern English artists, in relation to each other and to a certain focal point (unsettled as it may be), this book performs a useful, tabulative function.

R.B.

THE PASSIONATE JOURNEY: Irving Stone; Doubleday; pp. 337; \$3.25.

A biographical novel about John Noble, who was, apparently, born in half-wild West Wichita, Kansas, with the body of a Greek god, a fabulous capacity for hard liquor, and the Demon of painting inside him. Arriving duly in Paris, he earned immediate recognition with his cowboy outfit and over-active six-shooters. Which pose had the additional advantage of masking from the heartless world the inner anguish of his search for Something. At one time it looked like Love, when marriage to a Good Woman inspired John to painting masterpieces. But he finally decided it was God; so he stopped painting and just waited out the rest of his life, mostly in alcoholic wards.

The most and least that one can say is that Mr. Stone has sown his corn with a lavish hand and never a grain of satire. Satire has the habit of whittling things down to reveal the hard core of the serious. Mr. Stone has preferred to confront us with the perennial (Hollywoodian) problem: is this farce intentional or not? and perhaps, if you're in the mood, with the perennial answer: what difference does it make? O none, Mr. Stone, absolutely none.

Duncan Robertson.

SIGNATURE OF TIME: Walter Havighurst; Macmillan; pp. 284; \$4.00.

The real hero of this book is an island, Hazard Island in Lake Erie, to which young Maury Hazard returns from a German prison camp to lick his wounds and readjust himself to life. The author must have lived on and loved this island. There is not a cove or headland, cedar thicket or rock formation which he does not know. So powerfully does he write of it that the reader becomes impregnated with the sound of the waters washing its shores, its vast vineyards and pastures, and the feel of the storms that isolate it in the long winters. At times the characters seem merely incidental.

When it was nameless "Island No. 7" on the map, Jason Hazard had come from the wilderness to claim it, and lived in a cave as he blazed his trappings. His son Joel had cleared the land to make sheep pasture. Then came Maury's grandfather to set out the vineyards and obtain the remarkable grape known as the Early American. Maury had plenty of time to brood on the past, reading the remarkable journal of his great-uncle Julian who dabbled in geology. His twin brother Dave returned, broken in health, from the war in the Pacific, plans to revive the vineyards, but death intervenes. Much of the book is occupied with the lives of the early Hazards and the powerful effect the island life had on them. It comes as a shock, therefore, that Maury's recovery is indicated by his decision to go back to the city, where he had been a journalist before the war. Why the author should consider this a sign of recovered mental adjustment is rather a mystery. It seemed, to this reader at least, a great piece of folly to leave that island. There are plenty of journalists, but not nearly enough sane breeders of sheep and growers of grapes.

Eleanor McNaught.

THE STUMBLING STONE: Audrey Menen; Clarke, Irwin; pp. 253; \$3.25.

Coley Burton lived in India as an unofficial missionary in an out-of-the-way native state for twenty-five years. During that time, he lived a selfless life, doing what he could to ameliorate the hopeless lives of the natives. With the end of British rule in India Mr. Burton's mission ended.

On his arrival in England where a reputation for saintliness preceded him, he became mixed up with an assortment of actors, playwrights, psychologists, problem children and professional doers of good.

Here is a meritorious attempt to explain why people "do good" as opposed to the present day attempt to analyze our reasons for doing wrong. *The Stumbling Stone* has its moments of rare humor, its moments of pathos, but in spite of this, the analyzers of repressions and other mysterious subconscious urges still hold the field. At the end of page 253, we still don't know what makes Mr. Coley Burton tick.

Mark G. Cohen.

THE CRUISE OF THE TEDDY: Erling Tams; Clarke, Irwin (Rupert Hart-Davis); pp. 232; \$1.50.

A CHILD UNDER SAIL: Elizabeth Linklater; Clarke, Irwin (Rupert Hart-Davis); pp. 232; \$1.50.

Eric Linklater's mother recalls her childhood at sea aboard square-rigged ships with her father who skipped them. There is a lot of lore about life under sail but it is dull in spots. Little girls might enjoy it more.

Erling Tams, a Norwegian writer, sets out on his honeymoon with no money but a well-provisioned thirty-eight-year-old cutter. Some years later he winds up shipwrecked off the New Zealand coast, with two children born on the way. A good book to spend an evening with beside a winter's fire.

Both volumes were first published in the 1930's and are re-issued in the Mariner's Library.

J. A. D.

THE PLANT IN MY WINDOW: Ross Parmenter; Ambassador Books Limited; pp. 148; \$3.25.

Thoreau used Walden Pond and its environs as a framework around which he built a philosophical approach to life. Mr. Parmenter attempts something of the sort, taking as his starting point a Philodendron scandens, a variety of ivy, growing in a pot on the window of his New York apartment.

Mr. Parmenter is no Thoreau but his book reveals him as a nice fellow nonetheless. One is given the impression that here is a well adjusted young man who is interested in all the gentler aspects of life and is capable of being perfectly content with or without a plant.

Ellen Rogers